BRITAIN'S HEAVIEST ROCK MAG

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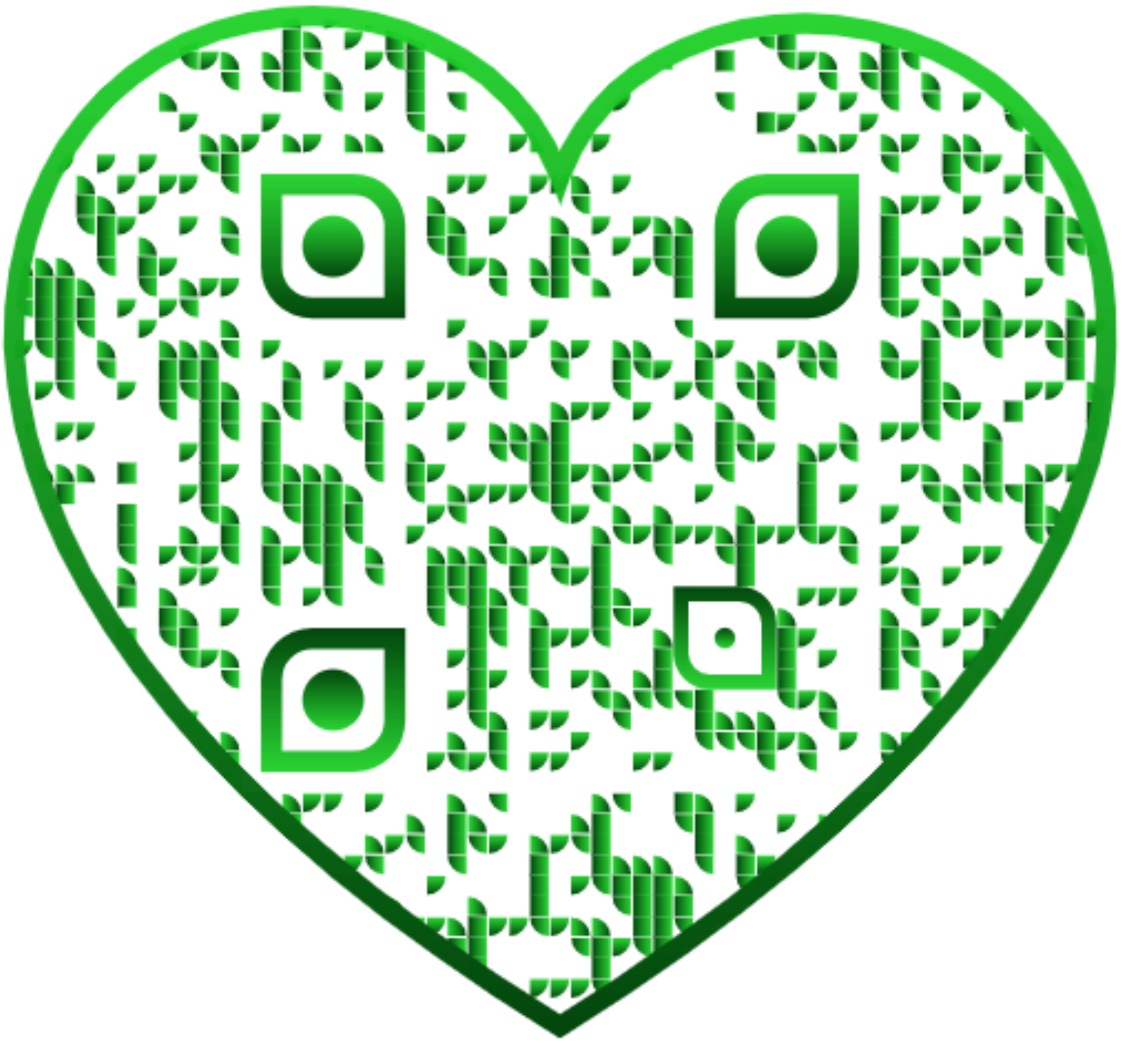
KERRANG!

PRETTY POISON

A FISTFUL OF DOLLYS: CENTRE PAGES

POISON DOLLYS: pic Ebet Roberts

DIO
UFO
KROKUS
KING KOBRA
CELTIC FROST
LEGS DIAMOND



TOMMY LEE GETS HITCHED

■ LOVE AT FIRST BITE? Well, I guess it's a fair bet that **Mötley Crüe** drummer **Tommy Lee** has taken a chunk out of new bride **Heather Locklear**; after all, he's had a go at just about everybody else – men, women, his colleagues in the Crüe even!

Anyway, the above pic shows the happy couple leaving their wedding ceremony in Santa Barbara on the US West Coast (Saturday May 10 was the Big Day), Tommy sporting a white leather tuxedo for this his second trip down the aisle and actress 'Heavy Metal' Heather, currently co-starring in TV soap '**Dynasty**', looker whiter-than-white too. It's enough to cause an **Angel** fan to break down and cry . . .

Sadly, the reformed Angel weren't in attendance (more on this mega happening next issue!), but toasting young 'T-bone' on his nuptial bliss were the ever-angelic **Vince**, **Mick** and **Nikki** from the Crüe, along with merrymaking members of **Autograph**, **Night Ranger**, **Quiet Riot** (drummer **Frankie Banali**, we believe) and **Ratt**; also granted special 'all access' passes were producers **Tom Werman** and **Roy Thomas Baker**, both of whom have worked with MC in the past.

After the wedding, Tommy and Heather chartered a special plane (presumably with tin cans tied to the tail) to whisk them away for a three-week Caribbean honeymoon. Meanwhile, Crüe frontman Vince Neil, perhaps out of sympathy for his drummer, has decided to take up a ball an' chain as well; starting on June 15, Vince will be serving 30 days in prison, a sentence resulting from the car crash in which **Hanoi Rocks** drummer **Razzle** was killed.

And then? Then it's back to the studio with Werman to record another LP, proving that, yes, there *is* life after marriage. Oh, and what's the betting that the next Crüe album will contain a version of 'Jailhouse Rock'?!

ROTH WRECKERS

■ *PICTURED ABOVE is the line-up put together for the **Dave Lee Roth** band. From left they are: **Gregg Bissonette** (a former member of several Los Angeles jazz-orientated bands), bassist **Billy Sheehan** (previously with **Talas/UFO**), lead vocalist **Dave Lee Roth** and guitarist **Steve Vai** (who has worked with **Frank Zappa** and **Alcatrazz**).*

*The quartet are currently recording with producer **Ted Templeman** and intend to release an album on the* Warner Brothers *label during the Summer, followed by a tour.*

QUO ADD TWO

■ THIS IS the new **Status Quo** line-up,set to be unveiled onstage this Summer. Joining **Francis Rossi** (guitar /lead vocals), **Rick Parfitt** (guitar/vocals) and **Andy Bown** (keyboards) will be drummer **Jeff Rich** (a former member of the **Climax Blues Band** and the man set to appear live with **Def Leppard** alongside **Rick Allen**) and bassist **John Edwards** (also previously with the Climax Blues Band).

The quintet will play the following dates with **Queen**: **Newcastle-Upon-Tyne St. James Park** July 9, **Wembley Stadium** 11/12 **Manchester City Football Club** 16.

■ **DIO** WILL be issuing a live mini-album in the US on June 2 through *Warner Brothers*, with a UK release to follow later in the month on *Vertigo*. Titled **'Intermission'** and produced by **Ronnie James Dio**/engineered by **Angelo Arcuri**, it features the following tracks: **'King Of Rock 'N' Roll'**, **'Rainbow In The Dark'**, **'Sacred Heart'**, **'Rock 'N' Roll Children'**/**'Long Live Rock 'N' Roll'**/**'Man On The Silver Mountain'** (a medley) and **'We Rock'**, all recorded live at the San Diego *Sports Arena* at the end of '85. All the numbers have the now-departed **Vivian Campbell** on guitar, though his replacement **Craig Goldie** does make his presence felt on a new studio track called **'Time To Burn'**, written by the guitarist and Ronnie James Dio and included at the start of *Side Two*.

'Intermission' will be a mid-price LP.

Dio also have a song included on the **Hear 'n Aid** album, set for release through the *Vertigo* label on June 13. The full track-listing is as follows:

Side One: **'Stars'** (12" version, the all-star Hear 'n Aid single written by Ronnie James Dio/**Jimmy Bain**/Vivian Campbell and produced by Ronnie); **Accept**, **'Up To The Limit'** (live); **Motörhead, 'On The Road'** (live, recorded at the band's tenth anniversary shows at the London *Hammersmith Odeon* last June. A different version of this song will appear on the B-side of Motörhead's forthcoming single); **Rush**, **'Distant Early Warning'** (live, a track from the band's imminent **'Grace Under Pressure Tour'** video, recorded back in '84).

Side Two: **Kiss**, **'Heaven's On Fire'** (live, previously available on a B-side); **Jimi Hendrix**, **'Can You See Me** (studio); Dio, **'Hungry For Heaven'** (live); **Y&T**, **'Go For The Throat'** (a studio number originally recorded for the band's last **'Down For The Count'** LP); the **Scorpions**, **'The Zoo'** (live).

The tracks donated by Accept, Motörhead, Rush, Dio, Y&T and the Scorpions have not been available before in this form.

■ *POLYGRAM VIDEOS* issue six cassettes on June 12 under the banner heading of **'Metal Mania'**. These feature a compilation from *Neat Records* (**'Metal City'**), **Rainbow** (**'The Final Cut'**), **Bon Jovi** (**'Breakout'**), **Girlschool** (**'Play Dirty Live'**), **Rush** (**'Grace Under Pressure Tour'**) and **Coney Hatch** (**'Videosingles'**).

'Metal City' is a 12-track, 60-minute release with the following track listing: **'Seven Gates Of Hell'** (**Venom**), **'Burning Up'** (**Warfare**), **'We Have Arrived'** (**Saracen**), **'Under The Hammer'** (**Avenger**), **'Metal Anarchy'** (Warfare), **'Witching Hour'** (Venom), **'Love On Sight'** (Saracen), **'Run For Your Life'** (Avenger), **'Cheatin''** (Saracen), **'Revenge Attack'** (Avenger), **'Rape'** (Warfare) and **'Nightmare'** (Venom).

'The Final Cut' from Rainbow has the following track listing: **'Spotlight Kid'**, **'Death Alley Driver'**, **'I Surrender'**, **'All Night Long'**, **'Can't Happen Here'**, **'Difficult To Cure'**, **'Can't Let You Go'**, **'Power'**, **'Since You Been Gone'**, **'Stone Cold'** and **'Street Of Dreams'**. All songs are drawn from the period 1980-4.

'Breakout' from Bon Jovi is a 27-minute cassette with the following track listing: **'In And Out Of Love'**, **'Only Lonely'**, **'Silent Night'**, **'She Don't Know Me'**, **'Hardest Part Is The Night'** and **'Runaway'**.

'Play Dirty Live' from Girlschool is a 60-minute live cassette recorded at the *Camden Palace* during 1984 and features the following tracks: **'C'mon Let's Go'**, **'Nowhere To Run'**, **'You Got Me'**, **'Play Dirty'**, **'Love Is A Lie'**, **'Hit And Run'**, **'Out To Get You'**, **'Rock Me, Shock Me'**, **'Running For Cover'**, **'Can't You See'**, **'Running Wild'**, **'I Like It Like That'**, **'Ready.To Rock'** and **'Emergency'**.

'Grace Under Pressure Tour' from Rush also has a running time of 60 minutes and was recorded live at the *Maple Leaf Gardens* in Toronto during 1984. The full track listing is: **'The Spirit Of Radio'**, **'The Enemy Within'**, **'The Weapon'**, **'Witchhunt'**, **'New World Man'**, **'Distant Early Warning'**, **'Red Sector A'**, **'Closer To The Heart'**, **'YYZ'**/**'Temples Of Syrinx'**/**'Tom Sawyer'** and **'Vital Signs'**/**'Finding My Way'**/**'In The Mood'**.

'Videosingles' from Coney Hatch has a running time of 17 minutes (approx) and features: **'Fantasy'**, **'First Time For Everything'**, **'Shake It'** and **'Devil's Deck'**.

All video cassettes are available in VHS/Betamax formats.

■ **TWELFTH NIGHT** have signed a new recording deal with *Virgin Records* and will release an album produced by **John Walters** during July. This will be preceded by a single.

■ THE *LONDON MARQUEE CLUB* has now been given the go-ahead to undertake extensive renovations of its site at 90 Wardour Street. The plan is to increase the capacity to 1200, as well as improving facilities for both bands and fans.

It's also likely that the *Marquee Recording Studios* will be re-built and then re-equipped. The club will begin work on this during September and for the duration of the building project a temporary home is to be found in London's West End area to carry on promoting live shows.

■ LOS ANGELES all-girl act **Precious Metal** are presently working on their second album with producer **Paul Sabu** in LA. As yet untitled, it should be out later this year on the *Mercury* label.

■ **CLOVEN HOOF**, who are negotiating major management/recording deals at present, are looking for a lead vocalist. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to: **The Bell Inn, High St., Kings Winford, Stourbridge**.

■ GUITARIST **JOHN WIGGINS** and bassist **Andy Wrighton** have left **Tokyo Blade** due to 'big differences of opinion within the band'. The pair are currently looking for any act requiring the services of such instrumentalists and are prepared to move *anywhere* in Europe or the US. Interested parties can contact the duo at: **Fame Management, 5 Masefield Close, Romford, Essex RM3 7PP**.

■ LEAD GUITARIST **Marino** and his sister, lead vocalist **Lisa Dominique**, have signed a recording deal with the newly-formed *AMI* label in the US.

The duo have now dropped all plans to use the band monicker of **Certified X** and are expected to work with a number of guest musicians on an album in the near future. As yet, no title or producer have been confirmed for the project.

MORE* MAYHEM *OVER PAGE

Q5 GET KRACKING

■ WELL, WELL, well, what have we here? **Q5**, of course! This exclusive pic was snapped recently in guitarist **Floyd** (wang bar) **Rose**'s custom-built studio which, believe it or not, sits beneath his putting green in Bellevue (Seattle's answer to Beverly Hills). Rumour has it that a 30-foot putt sunk on Rose's (above, second right) green guarantees free studio time!

Well, when Floyd's not been out swinging his 'irons' and 'woods' he's been hard at work in his studio along with the other members of Q5 recording the long-overdue follow-up to the excellent 'Steel The Light' album. The new outing, tentatively titled **'When The Mirror Cracks'**, although **'Borderline'** seems to be a late contender in the title stakes, is due for an early Summer release on the *Music For Nations* label.

And for those of you out there in Metalsville who are itching for the song titles, here we go: **'Borderline'**, **'Cold Heart'**, **'Runaway'**, **'Your Tears'**, **'Stand By Me'**, **'Never Gonna Love Again'**, **'I Can't Wait'**, **'In The Rain'**, **'Let Go'** and **'When The Mirror Cracks'**.

In a recent *kommuniqué* from Q5's very own 'Michelin Man', *aka* **Evan Sheeley**, the bassist proudly proclaimed that: "The new album is KILLER! The new songs and Floyd's production totally out-do anything that you heard on 'Steel The Light'."

And talking of 'Steel The Light', did you know that the song was recently a hit in Sarf Afrika of all places! It would also seem that Q5 have finally settled their 'bitter feud' with fellow Seattlers **TKO**. As regular *Kerrang!* readers will know, certain members of Q5, namely **Gary Thompson** (drums), Evan Sheeley (bass) and **Rick Pierce** (guitar), were once members of TKO. Such is their comradeship these days that axepert Rick Pierce has been approached and accepted an invitation to jam with vocalist **Brad Sinsel**'s rockers!

XAVIER RUSSELL

NEWS

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

■ FORMER **BLOOD** drummer **Mark Mitchell** is presently seeking a new band. Interested parties should phone: **0253 822909.**

■ DETROIT ACT **Halloween** have just begun work on their second album, **'Victims Of The Night'**. It's likely to be released later this year on an undisclosed label and will feature tracks such as **'Rest In Piece'**, **'No Place'**, **'Halloween Night'**, **'Candy Caine'**, **'Nightmares'** and **'Victims Of The Night'**.

■ WELSH ACT **SHEER KAAN** have recruited a second guitarist. The new line-up is **Stevee Ellis** (lead vocals), **Traffic/Matthew Richards** (guitars), **Mike Ellis** (bass) and **Blare** (drums).

■ HULL FIVE-PIECE **Kashmir** are currently seeking a management deal. The band, who are presently working on a single (**'One Night'** b/w **'Second Time'**) at *Angel Studios* in Hull, can be contacted at: **5 Suffolk Terrace, Suffolk St, Hull.** Tel: **0482 45676.**

■ *THE VIDEO MUSIC COLLECTION*, a new label launched jointly by *Picture Music International* and *The Video Collection*, have just re-issued the following titles: **'Nice 'N' Rough'** (**Tina Turner**, recorded in concert at the *Hammersmith Odeon*), **'The Tubes Concert'**, **'The Final Cut'** (**Pink Floyd**), **'Four Play'** (**Whitesnake**).

All these cassettes are available in VHS/Betamax formats. The first two retail for a maximum price of £8.99, whilst the latter pair have a rrp of no more than £6.99,

■ GERMAN ACT **Iron Angel** have recruited **Jurgen Blackmore**, who is **Ritchie**'s son. The band are presently ensconced in *Karo Music Studio* (Münster) working on their latest album, tentatively titled **'Winds Of War'**, due out later this year on the *Steamhammer* label in Germany.

■ DUE TO recording problems, **Sodom** have had to postpone the release of their new album, **'Obsessed By Cruelty'**, through the *Steamhammer* label.

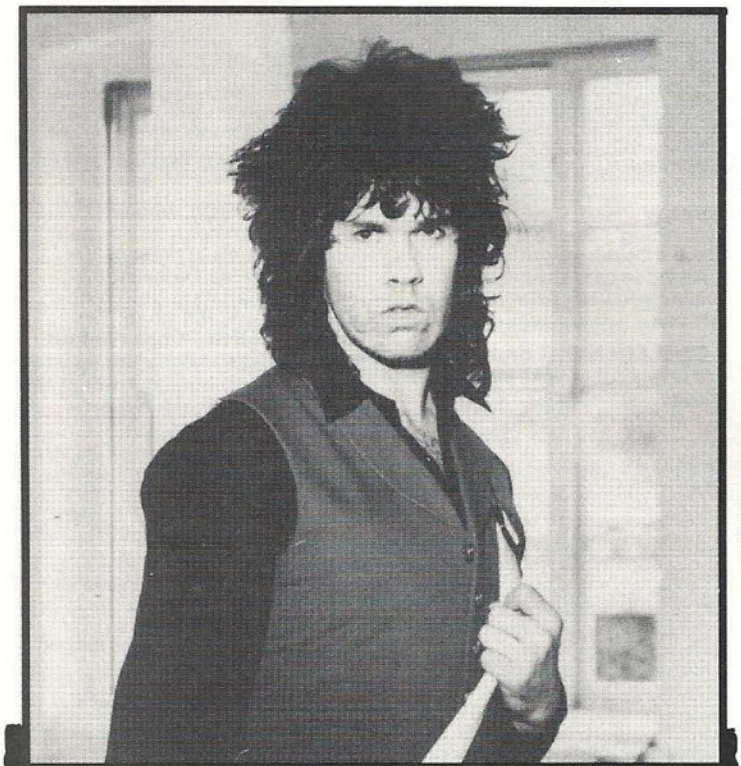
■ OXFORDSHIRE ACT **Virtue** are presently seeking a bass player. Interested parties should contact lead vocalist **Tudor Sheldon** at: **0235 815788.**

The band feature Tudor Sheldon, **Matt Sheldon/Boz Beast** (lead guitar) and **Simon Walters** (drums).

■ HALIFAX-BASED act **Shark** are presently seeking a new lead vocalist. Interested parties should contact: **0422 246294/246027.**

■ FORMER **ATOMKRAFT** guitarist **Steve White** has put together a new act under the handle of **War Machine.** The line-up is completed by **Bernadette Mooney** (lead vocals), **Lez Fry** (bass) and **Brian Waugh** (drums).

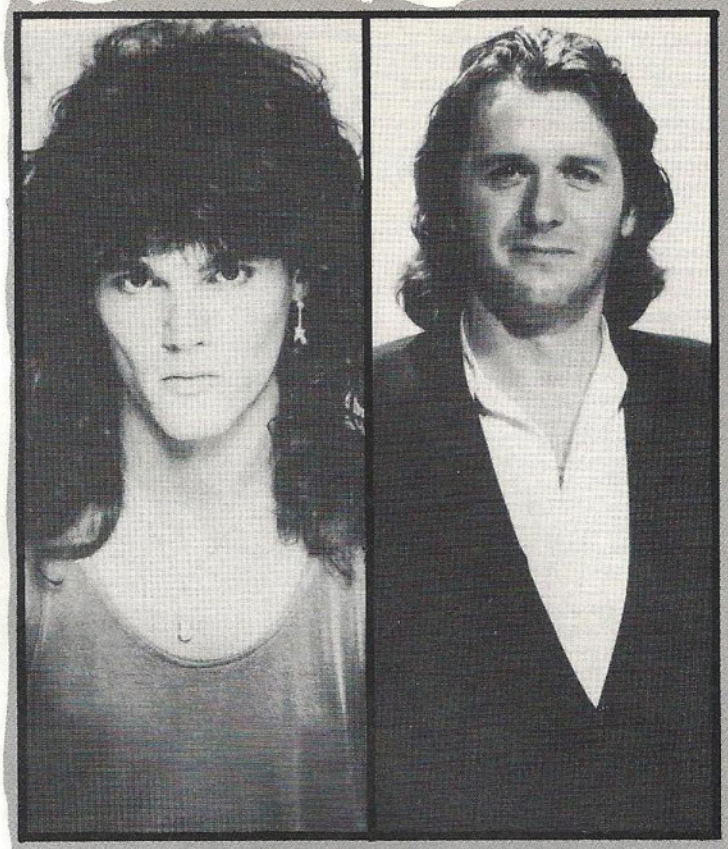
The quartet have just finished an album titled **'Unknown Soldier'**, which should be issued through the *Neat* label in the near future.



GAL GETS IN TRIM

■ **GARY MOORE** (above) plays **Guildford Civic Hall** on June 3, a warm-up show for a string of Summer festival appearances starting in Stockholm on June 7 and including a second-on-the-bill spot at the **Milton Keynes Garden Party** headlined by **Marillion** on June 28.

Gary's band for both the Guildford date and the ensuing festivals will be the same one that toured the UK, Japan and Europe with him last year: **Neil** 'Rambo' **Carter** on vocals/guitar/keyboards, **Bob Daisley** on bass and **Gary Ferguson** on drums.



GEORGE & WETTON GO CLUBBING

■ As reported in *Tour Newz* last issue, a conglomeration of **John Wetton** (bass/lead vocals – above right), **Robin George** (lead guitar/vocals – above left) and **Carl Palmer** (drums) will be playing charity shows at **Birmingham The Portland** on June 3 and **London Marquee Club** on June 4/5 in aid of **Music Therapy.** They have now been joined by keyboardsman **Don Airey.**

The idea for this series of gigs was originally mooted last Christmas, the notion being back then that **Asia** (the band with whom both Wetton and Palmer are *still* members) would perform a one-off date at the **Marquee Club**. Subsequently, the plan was modified into the one presently being pursued.

The question many will be asking though is: does the above quartet constitute the beginnings of a new, *long-term* project? The answer, almost certainly, is a negative one. Despite reports of their imminent split, Asia still seem to be a going concern, with Wetton cautiously commenting on the situation that, "the band will remain in existence and if in a couple of years' time we decide to do a fourth LP then there will be no problems in doing so."

This suggests, of course, that the relative commercial failure of the band's last *Geffen*-released album, 'Astra', has led to a dramatic re-think of strategy, with all touring plans now being scrapped. Keyboardsman **Geoff Downes** has been filling in time by producing **GTR** (featuring ex-Asia guitarist **Steve Howe**) and Wetton has been busy writing and demoing new material with a number of people, *including* George, although we shall have to wait and see whether this leads to a solo record.

"Asia," says Wetton, "is essentially Carl, Geoff and myself. As long as we three remain committed to the group then it is still viable."

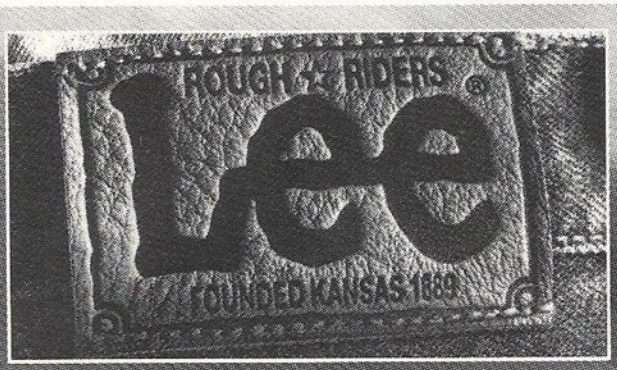
In the meantime, George is also plotting his course ahead. Following the recent collapse of *Bronze Records*, the Wolverhampton-based mulit-talent is now free of all record company contractual ties and is likely now to sign a fresh solo deal in America.

Indeed, his management company, Part Rock, are already putting the relevant wheels in motion and have attracted a number of major offers. George is still working on his second solo album, as yet untitled, but plans have been delayed following his recent decision to dispense with the services of producer **Gus Dudgeon.** He has also been recording with **Police** drummer **Stewart Copeland** and vocalist **Adam Ant** on the title track for a forthcoming movie. The song was written by Copeland and produced by **Rupert Hine** at *The Farmyard Studios* in Bucks.

George has also been working with former **Diamond Head** lead vocalist **Sean Harris.** The duo have recently been busy on demoing a number of songs written by Harris, who is now signed to *I-Major Songs* for publishing, with Robin playing all the instruments. It's highly possible that this will lead to a one-off collaboration (possibly on a surprise single) before the vocalist (whose affairs are effectively being handled by the *I-Major* organisation, run by go-ahead **Pete Winkelman**, the man behind *Media Records*, who were responsible for marketing all the early Diamond Head product) puts together his own solo LP.

MALCOLM DOME

ROUGH RIDERS FROM LEE



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WHITE LION: (from left): Mike Tramp, Vito Bratta, Greg D'Angelo, James Lomenzo

Pic Gerard Lacay

Pic Christy Mullen

FORREST STRANGE

DEREK OLIVER sets the cat amongst the pigeons with 'serious melodic rockers' WHITE LION (pictured above)

CLEAN CUT, dehumanised Heavy Metal? Sticky, syrupy, nauseatingly precise? What's the problem? I mean, isn't that how God meant it to be? And look, freakin' at the freakers ball the other night an iconoclastic gumbo with two purple eyes and a button-down *Mr Byrite* shirt makes the comment that White Lion (of all bands) represent the epitome of all that is f**ked-up with American Metal. Reasons, mostly along the lines mentioned above, roll off my scaley skin like water off a duck's back . . . C'mon, I mean what have we got here? Melody, shaven dynamics, crisp production, power chords, twisted solos, *falsetto* vocals, overwhelming harmonies . . . What's bad about that?

Nothing. And yet White Lion are about as American as you can get. Cloned, I'll be the first to admit, from major sources like Angel, Boston, Journey and Styx (before they grew moustaches and freaked-out over a *Meccano* set called 'Mr Roboto', bleugh!), it's the overriding sense of dynamic power, hamburger heaven and Yank bravado that puts them into a pigeon-hole occupied by only a handful of other acts. This is serious melodic rock and if you really care about the salvation of Heavy Metal from total extinction then I beg you to throw away any preconceptions, pull down yer knickers and get rockin' and a-rootin' for White Lion's image, album and *especially* their pomp-rock pretensions.

OK. So that's the bottom line, here come the finer details. Formed in 1983 as a four-piece power unit, White Lion features the searing high vocals of Danish-born blond bombshell Mike Tramp; guitar gymnastics are provided by Vito Bratta; blasting bass comes courtesy of new boy James Lemenzo; and last but certainly not least there's the skin-work of the exquisitely-monickered Michael D' Angelo.

If you've got a long memory you might remember Mike Tramp as the same geezer who featured in issue No 1 of *Kerrang!*, a tarty-looking guy singing at that time for Danish pop-rockers Mabel. What fun we had giggling and sniggering! So Mike, I think the question is, how did you get to join White Lion and, more importantly, whatever happened to Mabel?

"MABEL STARTED off as a pop band but we grew out of that and slowly began to get a lot more serious," says the singer, trying to ignore Vito Bratta's Brooklyn-based gurgles. "We had, like, six albums out at the end (incidentally, the only LP I've got, 'Another Fine Mess', released on *Polydor* in 1977, is absolute crap!) and we did a lot of road work in Europe getting about as big as anyone can in Denmark. From then on things got very stale, so in mid-1982 we decided to move the band to New York where we changed our name to Lyon. Nothing much happened, we went home for Christmas very confused and eventually we just sort of split up."

Although Mabel's visit to the States ended in confusion it did produce some positive results – at least for Mike Tramp, who'd fallen in love with the American way of life and met guitarist Vito Bratta (at that time in a small club band called Dreamer), the two of them forming a hot writing partnership.

So, out of the Mabel ranks, Mike returned on a permanent basis to New York where he and Vito set to work on the White Lion project. After a year of writing, they fixed up a management deal on the strength of their songs, giving them the financial clout to recruit a permanent and expanded line-up. First on the pay-roll was ex-Angel bassist Felix Robinson. Mike explains . . .

"By this time our manager had fixed up a deal to get the other members slotted in. Felix was recommended by a friend and we thought, 'Great, the perfect choice'; being ex-Angel it seemed like a dream come true. Anyway, we called him up and he came down to rehearsals. God, he looked so different, really much older, and he'd cut his hair short; still, we thought, 'Let's go for it, maybe he'll get back into shape once he's in the band.'"

So with Felix on bass and Michael D' Angelo (previously with Anthrax and Cities) on drums the band flew to Germany to record their debut LP with producer Peter Hauke (also responsible for albums by Tony Carey). The recording, much to everyone's surprise, turned out far hotter than expected (see review *Kerrang!* 116), and armed with a completed master tape they shopped for a deal.

One of the first labels to sniff around the band was *Elektra Records*, who eventually decided to sign them at all costs – the final figure, according to Mike, being something in the region of $200,000. However, *Elektra* have done nothing, shelving the LP indefinitely.

"It was unbelievable," says Vito. "They paid the money into our hands then sat on the album. Obviously, we made enquiries, and it seemed that the LP was shelved for political reasons; external pressure applied by *Elektra*'s other acts, worried that our record might detract from sales of their own product."

IN THE meantime, *Victor Records* negotiated a licensing deal for the Japanese market where the album has now sold in excess of 25,000 copies – this success due in no small measure to their overt pretty-boy image and, of course, the Angel connection. Amazingly, according to Mike, *Elektra* slapped a total ban on imported copies being sold in the USA. Below the belt or what?!

"We've got a lot to worry about here," continues Vito. "I'm sure it'll be resolved one way or the other, but it's the feeling of frustration that's bugging us cos we've already written over 40 new songs for the next LP.

"We came back from Germany, did a couple of local concerts and realised that Felix hadn't made any attempt to shape up. He knew that it wasn't gonna work out too, so he sort of left and we picked up Dave Spitz as a replacement. I was upset about Felix, y'know; I mean, that guy is pretty talented but he just ain't that interested in it anymore. Maybe he'll be part of the Angel reformation if it ever happens. (*Apparently, it has and he is – Ed*). One thing's for sure, though, he won't look the same!"

How did you feel about Dave Spitz leaving to join Black Sabbath?

"I think he made a big mistake and I'm sure he realises that now," says Vito. "Let's face it, how much weight does *he* carry compared with Tony Iommi; I couldn't be a spare part for anyone. At the time we were very disappointed – he let us down when we needed him most, but it's worked out for the best as James (Lemenzo) is just great."

There's two definite styles on your LP: the short, memorable po(m)p songs and the overblown epics. Which do you like best and which way is the new material going?

"We like a lot of drama in our music, everything is very moody; we try to create an atmosphere and that's where we score points. If you wanna compare us to anyone, I think Queen around their 'Night At The Opera' period is about the closest. The new stuff seems to be moving more towards the shorter songs – very melodic like 'Broken Heart' and 'Cherokee'. We've got some great ideas for the production, real over-the-top stuff."

Why haven't you got a keyboard player in the band; surely it would suit your music?

"The great thing about us is that we create an illusion; the way I overdub my guitar makes a sound like an orchestra. If you listen you can sort of imagine all the keyboard parts going on in the background, but it's nothing more than my guitar overdubbed. I write all the material on acoustic guitar and piano then build up the electric instruments piece-by-piece; the sound just condenses as it grows."

WHAT ARE your plans, though, are you still with Elektra *or not?*

"That's difficult to say. Effectively with this LP ('Fight To Survive') we're still contracted to them, but with any new product we're free to walk out and fix up a fresh deal. We're planning to record an LP's worth of material, maybe in demo form, and then shop for a new deal."

"We just finished recording a song called 'Web Of Desire'," continues Mike, "It'll be used on the soundtrack to a film called 'The Money Pit'."

An interesting band with arresting music, just why they're suffering is a tiny bit nonsensical. However, with their quality music ringing bells in all quarters ('cept maybe *Elektra*!), it won't be that long before White Lion come through on the right side.

And the good news is that Philadelphia-based label *Grand Slam Records* have just picked up the band's debut LP for US release in early June.

THE NEVER-ENDING STORACE

SYLVIE SIMMONS pays homage to Great Malteser MARC STORACE and finds out all about his 'Change Of Address' and KROKUS' 'best chance yet of platinum megahood'

MARC STORACE, I'm glad to report, is not the dingdong Dante made him out to be ('*While powerful around the larynx, showed little sign of intelligent life above*'), nor the sexist pig he made himself out to be ("All this feminist lark is just s**t. I maintain that every healthy man fantasises about being raped by a 6'7" woman with huge tits"), nor, thankfully, the Lothario Uncle Doom warned me about.

Clothes black, chin stubbled, the Great Malteser is far friendlier and articulate than any self-respecting rock singer should be who finds himself round the back of Oxford Circus at this debilitating time of day.

He's here to talk about 'Change Of Address', an appropriate title in more ways than one. For instance, he's in the stages of buying a flat in London – just down the road from a recording studio so he can pop in and jam if the going gets boring; for another instance, there's a Krokus line-up change (again!); but for the most important instance of the lot, there's a change in approach to the album of the same title that's their best chance yet of platinum megahood – more melody, more gloss, their most commercial effort yet.

Hell, the Doc's already reviewed it ('*impressive on all fronts*,' issue 119) and other than my usual allergic reaction to Tom Werman's production – it always strikes me as paying someone a lot of money to dress up your music in some wild and exotic fancy designer undies and getting the same regulation school knickers as everyone else – it's hard to disagree. It certainly could do a lot to help remove that 'mere mimics' tag from the band.

What have we got wrong about Krokus? I'm asking the stubbled one over *Polo* mints and coffee.

"Oh, that we copy other bands and that we don't really like playing in Europe."

Neither's anywhere near the truth, he tells me – the fact that they still weren't confirmed for *Donington* at the time of talking is nothing to do with them, everything to do with Band That Shall Remain Nameless ("I've done enough naming in the past!" Remember the Def Leppard feud?) high up on the bill objecting to Krokus being in the general vicinity, and playing there is something Marc's looking forward to.

IT'S GOT to be better than the last time they played Britain – that disastrous one-off at London's *Dominion*, where Marc was behaving positively Dave Lee Rothian, rapping about sex and drugs – that's another thing I want to talk about! – while the small crowd yelled, "Get on with the f**king music!" So?

"So, we didn't think we were marvellous either that night," says Marc. "When you come to Europe and you've just finished half-a-million gigs in the States and you do a one-off here, it's so strange. Not mentioning the jet-lag or making too many excuses, it's just not possible to switch to the European mentality overnight for me. I guess I f**ked up," he says disarmingly. "I admit I didn't feel too good about it myself."

How does he feel about the image Krokus have of being a vegetable-down-the-spandex-whooargh-give-us-girls dumb sexist band, I ask?

"What a question first thing in the morning!" grins Marc.

Well, I was talking to Accept the other day and they were saying the reason they distance themselves from other HM bands is because so many HM bands are like Krokus, always talking about how many women they've had and how many drugs they've taken and how big their unmentionables are!

"They mentioned us?

"It seems more people have formed images about us than we have about ourselves! We wrote our songs and got them recorded and really didn't think twice whether we were stepping out of line in certain circles – because there are all kinds of people living in this world. And most of those lyrics were written in a *boys'* atmosphere. Maybe Accept like men!" he laughs.

"If you were to be in a boys' room, in a gym or something, you'd hear a lot of stuff like that, and I guess *we* were really just too open about it. I don't think it *is* chauvinist. It's a part of growing up, I think.

"If we were still writing 'male chauvinist' lyrics today, it would mean that we are stagnating and have found ourselves against a brick wall; and then we'd have to throw our balls on to the wall!" he laughs. "We're sailing free, we have no image to tie us down. Instead of thinking, 'Let's spend a whole week thinking of what stage clothes we can come up with and impress everybody and what haircut to have that will really start some fashion going', we're selling *music*. We're not hairdressers, we're not make-up artists, we're just piss-artists!

"No, we do like to take the piss, and we have a good sense of humour going in the band. We care about the sound and the songs and that at least one or two songs from each album won't be forgotten overnight – and it started in that direction with 'Screaming In The Night' off the 'Headhunter' album, our male chauvinist Satanic album, if you want!

"But still, as writers we have the right to say, 'Oh, I am a tiger and I'm running through the jungle and I'm being chased by a naked Amazon girl in a loincloth'. We *want* to *dream*. It's fantastic! We're not here to write about politics and only the *real* stuff. It's fantasy and escapism!"

Pic Ray Palmer

MARC STORACE: "We're not hairdressers, we're not make-up artists, we're just piss-artists!"

BUT BACK to what Marc was saying about not having an image to tie them (excuse the S&M references) down. Krokus have had difficulty having an image or identity at all over the years, and surely some of it has to do with the fact that they keep changing band members?

"Yes," Marc nods. "Fernando Von Arb (guitarist) and myself have been together all along, and if you look at how many bands come and go every year and all the bands I was in before, the number of members *they* went through, then the Krokus syndrome isn't that bad. It's solidified now. Everybody does what they do growing up, rebelling, making the occasional mistake – and *good* things have happened as well, which nobody likes to mention; they always pick on the negative stuff."

True. I feel almost ashamed to ask about the most recent departee, bassist Andy Tanas, who didn't survive beyond the supposed one year trial run, but I do anyway!

"It wasn't really a trial. He was so much into his solo project – throughout the tour he was writing songs for that, in the back of the bus or in the dressing room. He only joined for the tour. We did 'The Blitz' album as a four-piece, but we needed a bass player for the road, someone who could do backing vocals and someone we preferably already knew."

He's been replaced by someone else they already knew, Tommy Keiser, "who is an ex-Kobra member, just like our drummer Jeff Klaven. So in a way it's solidified our rhythm section because they've played together, they've toured together, they've shared hotel rooms and breakfast tables and women," he laughs. "He's even a *Swiss* boy. So it's back to three Swiss, one American and the Maltese Falcon!" (Doc Doom and I saw 'The Maltese Chicken' in Hollywood – opened up for 'Nightmare On Elm Street II' – but that's another story . . .)

"It's fun because he's a nutter, very spirited, and he's definitely going to be like a propellor in the back during the gigs. And that's important to us, because we tour a lot. We'll be on the road for a year. Right now," he says, "I'm dying to get back on the road."

The band have just begun their American tour with Keel as

KONTINUEZ PAGE 10

The Rolling Stones

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New 7" Remix + 12" Reremix

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+ The Glimmer Twins

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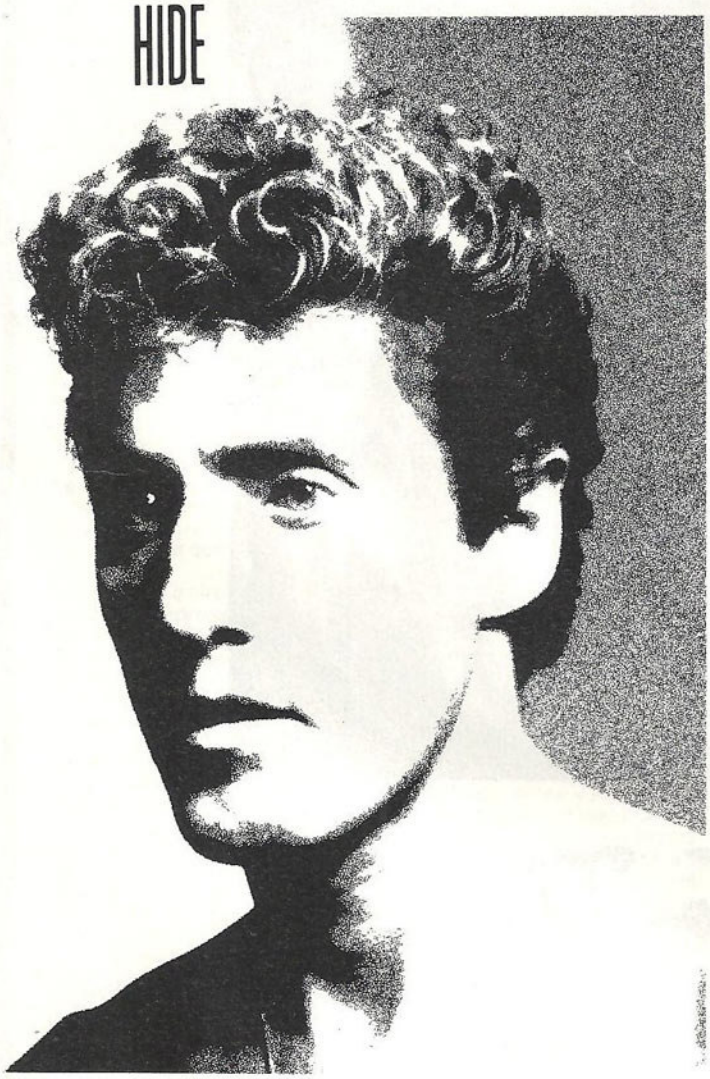
TA7160

ROGER

THE NEW SINGLE

THE PRIDE YOU HIDE



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TEN 103
TENT 103

10 records

NEVER-ENDING

FROM PAGE 8

special guests and the possibility of Zeno joining them later as the opening act; they're playing 5,000-capacity venues.

Marc's obviously relieved about being on tour, if for no other reason than Krokus spent *a year* in and out of studios working on this new album "and that's the longest I've ever been in a studio in one stretch in my life."

The only good bit about taking so long is they didn't have the pressures they had on 'The Blitz'.

"We'd been through some hard times during that album period, and the whole of 'The Blitz' tour we had nothing but extreme ups and downs, *eg.* divorces and stuff like that, which have nothing to do with the album but it *does* affect you."

This time they were able to sit and think about songs.

"When you're sitting in your living-room writing, your mind is working more than when you're on the road because your body's still; you go deeper into subjects. In a way it was masochism, self-inflicted in order to beat good material out of us."

A month after finishing 'The Blitz' tour, they met up in Switzerland, and rented apartments around town, "so we weren't all next to each other in hotel rooms – we had to travel to each other again like normal human beings. You'd come over and have tea and cake and start writing, we'd give it two hours and then close the book. That way, if you're still halfway, you're eaten up all night until the next day so you can get back at it! That's good energy. We needed that."

And they came out with 40 songs (they didn't do the Alice Cooper cover because they were short of their own stuff; other than it being a Krokus tradition, they love the song and wanted to bring Alice to a whole new generation of fans, declaring that there's a little bit of Alice Cooper in all of us!).

THEY WERE going to record the album in Switzerland, even found a nice little studio by a lake in Zurich.

"We wanted to spend the whole year in Europe so we'd be ready to puke Europe by the time we were about to go on the next tour, and be full of energy to get away!" But sometimes the mountains have got to go to Mohammed, and producer Tom 'Mohammed' Werman insisted they come to his turf instead – "Where the sun shone every day – how boring!" Marc chuckles.

They originally tried to get 'Mutt' Lange for the job and failed. The record company (*Arista*) wanted Werman because of his track record, the band agreed "because we knew we'd get a lot of freedom with him," and Marc says Fernando was there all the time "checking out the sounds and arguing over certain things" and generally "balancing things out".

So he's pleased with the result. It's the kind of album that will start the 'This Is The One To Break Them Big' talk again. Marc says it was definitely not a last-ditch stab at commercial stardom.

"I think it's just the way we've developed. We've always had strong melodies, but we had a certain force in the band that didn't allow it to evolve into what direction our hearts were taking us. We would have sat there and continued doing one 'Hardware' album after another if we didn't sacrifice a certain band member (founder-member/bassist Chris Von Rohr). He's a good person and we're great friends still, and Fernando still writes with him. But he had to go. We did the basic HM already and we don't want to get stuck doing basic HM for ever, just playing very aggressively with minimal melody and minimal sweetness, expressing only one emotion.

"We didn't grow up just listening to Judas Priest – we come from the school of Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple, and when you look back, look at how much *freedom* bands had then to write what they wanted. And if some things weren't as heavy as others, they got away with it, they weren't put down for it. There's more light and shade and colour now in the whole album."

JUST TIME to deal with a couple of rumours that emanated from LA, before we go. First that Krokus turned down an involvement in Hear 'n Aid:

"I was asked once, and after that nothing else was said again, so I went about doing my business. They had my manager's phone number and they could have reached me and I would definitely have been involved, as something for the good of this crazy world we live in."

And second, that Marc was thinking of joining Black Sabbath as vocalist.

"I bumped into Tony Iommi and not a word was said, so I guess it *was* just a rumour!"

But Marc *has* said in the past that if Krokus doesn't make that step from 'doing OK' to 'megastardom' he'll leave and get another job.

"Yeah, that's what I say every year!" he laughs. "But I've never had any serious thoughts of doing anything else. I have half-serious thoughts of doing a solo projects, but I wouldn't do that right now, that's for sure. And I never said I would leave the band. I don't think that will ever happen. I've put so much into it, and it's hard to leave something that has a part of you in it.

"It's not just a bunch of instruments, it's more than that. It goes very deep, and the ups and downs and the bulls**t that we've been through together has held us together. We've been criticised, put down, definitely underrated.

"I'm sure this album is going to perk up the ears of people who have never noticed the existence of the band before. I'd like to reach the parts other beers – I mean *bands* haven't reached! It may not be feasible, but you can still dream; nobody can steal my dreams away."

K: Kompost!
KK: Klueless!
KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive!
KKKKK: Kolossal!

CARESS OF STEEL

LOU REED
'Mistrial'
(RCA PL 87190)
KKKKK (for the lyrics)
KKK (for the music)

WORD DRIFTING in from Stateside had it that *RCA* were, for the second time, preparing to drop Lou Reed from their roster. Last time the company told him they weren't letting him go till he fulfilled his album commitment to them. Lou promptly delivered four sides of 'white noise' entitled 'Metal Machine Music' (two sides of which are reputed to be the other two sides played backwards!). This two-fingered farewell was supplemented by Lou's liner notes which stated that *not even he* could bear to play all four sides of this album end-to-end and he didn't know anyone who could. This is still the definitive Thrash Metal album, everything since has been merely little boys playing with their new toys.

But Lou came back to *RCA* in 1982, although now it looks like they're trying to ditch him again. Ric Ocasek from the Cars was supposed to produce this album – perhaps with the intention of giving it more commercial push – but Lou dispatched him and, along with bassist Fernando Saunders, assumed control.

So will he be cast aside once again? Difficult to say with Lou, he's pretty much a law unto himself. This isn't as obvious an album as 'New Sensations' and it's certainly not an immediate work. My good friend Neil, whose devotion to Lou Reed leaves mine on the starting blocks, gave this one an initial thumbs down, then came back about a week later and proclaimed it a work of genius. It's one of those awkward LPs – known in the trade as a 'grower'.

Lou has gone back to basics on 'Mistrial' – out go the violins and the synthesisers, it's all simple guitars and bass and drums. And, though the music doesn't plumb the primal depths of a Ramones album, say, he has kept it, well, *basic* (there's that word again). But on the lyric front Lou has been tapping new sources of inspiration – or maybe just old sources revisited.

Three tracks hold the key to this album, three tracks that drip the wry wit and humour for which Lou is justly famous, three tracks that prove Lou Reed is anything but a spent force.

'Video Violence', the last track on *Side One*, tells the story of a man who is disturbed at finding 'slash movies' on his TV over breakfast: *'His heart is pounding, he switched the channel/Looking for something other than rape or murder. . . But other than Walt Disney it's a twisted alliance, this age of Video Violence'*. So what does he do, this man whose son is addicted to the TV violence? He goes out, buys a whore, ties her to a bed and then beats her. Grim stuff.

Over on *Side Two* Lou gets more playful. 'The Original Wrapper' is a rap song with a hook line that warns the kid to *'Make sure the candy's in the original wrapper'*. So this is the rap song with Lou (as the original rapper?) rapping about wrappers – neat word play, eh?

The album closer, 'Tell It To Your Heart', has Lou in romantic and reflective mood harking back to the superb 'Satellite Of Love' (from 'Transformer', 1972). Indeed, this could be 'Satellite II'. Lou spots an assortment of lights in the sky that remind him of his love sleeping in her bed. A week later he spots the strange and mysterious spinning light again and chases after it but *'When I turned the corner my spinning light was in the street/ They were filming a commercial on TV'*. Wonderful stuff, he churns out an almost sickly sweet romantic tale and then twists it all at the end – another dream shattered by the illusion of TV.

But 'Mistrial' is no illusion. Sure, there's some filler stuff here but the gems are too good to miss. Give it time and you'll fall in love with it too.

DAVE DICKSON

GIUFFRIA
'Silk And Steel'
(MCA/Camel MCA 5742 import)
KKKK¼

WHILE I personally hold to the opinion that Gregg Giuffria's honesty is about as dodgy as the dicky bow he sports on the back of his album sleeve, it can't be denied that the boy *au bouffant blond* has a lot of savvy about where AOR music is at – a *lotta* savvy!

While most of the crowd are babes in toyland, playing with the most insipid garbage to try and crack it ('Lowest Common Denominator Rock', I'd call it), Giuffria have gone into the studio with cheekbones a go-go, Pomp Rock pretensions turned to the max and a calculated desire to be at the top of the heap through both presentation and content. Ah, by George, I think they've got it!

These days I hate 99 per cent of AOR. Only Journey can cut it without being a parody of the *genre*. And precisely because Giuffria make no bones about wanting to be another Journey, they steal home with undoubted honours. Original? Pull the other one! But style? Ah well, that's a different matter!

When he's not been tickling those ivories, Gregg's been waxing lyrical about the sincerity of 'Silk And Steel's power ballads. Mmm, well, if a man can get away with 'Lethal Lover' as sincere, then I'm a Magnum fan. . . but the thing is, for the most part Giuffria do *make* you believe in them!

Maybe it's got something to do with David Glen Eisley's voice (sure can't be his name!), a perfect cloning of Steve Perry but still blessed with the spark to make the tears flow as the ballads get tough. 'Love You Forever' really is the stuff that every 14-year-old's knickers got wet for and even us older cynics will dig its crass sentimentality, 'Heartache' will bring the hammer down for those who know that love ain't all sweetness and roses and 'Tell It Like It Is' has a beautiful wimpy ability to bring the macho man to the fore without being a contradiction!

As a guidebook to all that's good in AOR, 'Silk And Steel' is up there competing! Almost as good as Giuffria's splendiferous debut LP (maybe 'cos it sounds exactly the same, new boys Lanny Cordola on guitar and bassist David Sikes making not a jot of difference to the overall sound!).

Of course, there are a coupla naff moments, notably the more token Metal moments of 'Lethal Lover' and 'Dirty Secrets', but overall, Giuffria have to be just about *the* classiest band around peddling this kinda candy floss!

HOWARD JOHNSON

GIUFFRIA: Kandy floss killers

TKO
'Below The Belt'
(Roadrunner RR 9730)
KKK
BULLDOZER
'The Final Separation'
(Roadrunner RR 9711)
0.000001K

ANOTHER DAY, another shave, another shirt, another beer. . . another *Roadrunner* album to review – AAAAAARRRRGGHH!!!

Sorry (pull yourself together, man!), it's just that, for some worryingly inexplicable reason, *Rankbummer Records* seem intent on inflicting the most horrific aural torture upon the naked ears of today's rock'n'roll children. . . and *I'm* the one who has to break the news! It's a bit like informing your fellow travellers in a lift that Geoff Capes is about to fart. Or telling Stevie Wonder in Trafalgar Square that, no, that wasn't rain he just felt on his face. . .

To my surprise, however, the first of the new *Rearprodder* releases that I picked up was quite an improvement on the last batch I'd encountered. 'Below The Belt', by TKO, isn't the best album I've heard recently (by far), but put alongside the likes of Whiplash, Razor and Possessed, it's an LP that *Ribtickler Records* should be proud of.

Having said that, though, 'Below The Belt' is still a bit of a disappointment for me. This US four-piece are far from yer typical HM band, and that fact alone threatens to endear them to me. But there's something about them that just doesn't click with me. . .I dunno, they just don't seem to have it all *together* here. Guitarist Kjartan Kristoffersen sporadically cuts loose to do the business (like during the title track, for example) and singer Brad Sinsel occasionally puts his lungs to good use (although his vocals on the chorus of 'Can't Let Go' are embarrassingly dreadful). But for the most part, TKO leave you feeling quite let down.

As for Bulldozer. . . well, *Roofleaker Records* have *really* excelled themselves with this one; 'The Final Separation' is the plastic equivalent of Brewer's Droop at an orgy.

Bulldozer come from Italy. But then so does rabies. And if you were to believe their biography, bassist/singer AC Wild used to play classical piano, guitarist Andy (just Andy!) was a classical guitar player and drummer Don Andras used to be a jazz drummer. I reckon they were all really sewage plant workers, as only that could explain how they've come up with so much crap here. I mean, trax like 'Ride Hard, Die Fast' and 'Don't Trust The Saint' (written by Jimmy Greaves?) are just so Goddamn awful they make a pneumatic road-drill sound like a violin.

MARK PUTTERFORD.

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

REVIEWZ

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

LIZZY BORDEN
'The Murderess Metal Road Show'
(Roadrunner RR 9702)
KKK

FIRST IMPRESSIONS first. This record comes in some of the most gruesome packaging since Ronnie Reagan first appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine. It's a double live album, a faithful recording of one night at the Los Angeles *Country Club*. The glossy gatefold sleeve features lurid scenes from the Lizzy Borden 'Murderess Metal Road Show'.

How *murderous*? Let's just say it makes the old W.A.S.P. extravaganza look like 'Blue Peter'! Blood everywhere, darlings. Bold packaging for a bold release – only the band's second album and they've gone for the risky double live format, perhaps hoping for a Kiss 'Alive!'-type success story, who knows?

In fact, after giving the four sides a few spins it becomes obvious that Kiss and Iron Maiden are the two major influences at work here: the Kiss influence is apparent in the packaging, the theatrics and the OTT rapping, the Maiden influence is apparent all over the damn place.

Vocalist Lizzy Borden (who's actually a guy – and why not?) sounds like Bruce Dickinson's twin brother and Maiden-esque dual guitar breaks abound, all very Smith 'n' Murray, but what the hell? If it works for Maiden why shouldn't it work for Lizzy Borden too?

Guitarists Gene Allen and Alex Nelson provide some highly effective harmonies with the odd spark of originality, and the overall sound of the record is excellent – crystal-clear throughout. Indeed, there's a positively scorching rendition of Paul McCartney's 'Live And Let Die' – an inspired cover choice that somebody ought to think about releasing as a single. The same goes for 'American Metal', a crass but irresistibly catchy anthem.

'The Murderess Metal Road Show' is an entertaining reproduction of a live experience that also serves as a promising indication of a potentially exciting career.

MAURA SUTTON

RAILWAY
'Railway II'
(Roadrunner RR 976)
KKKK½

WHAT WAS 'Railway I' like? I dunno, never heard the thing, but if it was anywhere near as t'rific as this tinderbox 'II' titbit, I missed out on something of mainline *mega* proportions! Simply, this 'un is one of the most enjoyable, unpretentious Hard Rock outings to slap itself on to my derelict desk in many a howlin', scowlin' moon.

A flashy-looking, leopardskin-clad West German crew, Railway specialise in killingly commercial, short, sharp 'n' steamin' trax, laced with a good deal of (probably unintentional) humour and chortlesome moments.

Take the parched perversity of 'Dying In The Dust' f'rinstance, a dry-throated, dirt-blown bruiser of a toon characterised by the glorious gumbo-voiced chorus of *'FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! You're gonna die in da dust!'*

Or *Side One* closer 'Fight With The Killer', 2:25 of divine dipsomaniac delirium with lead wailer Walter Wicha exhorting the listener to *'be a rev-o-loo-sun-air-eeee!'* and guitarist Hermann Janowitz crankin' out one of *the* most sublimely witless riffs of our time.

Best of all, though, is token ballad 'I'm A Looser' *(sic)*, a real squirm-a-minute ear-piercer, definite LP highlight and potential live showstopper (pull the plug variety).

This a hugely entertaining opus, I'm dead *chuffed* to have reviewed it. This band's career should'nt remain *stationary* for too long; words cannot *express* how positively I feel about this record. Wonder what'll be the first *signal* from it? *("Tickets please!")* Oh-oh, I'm off . . .

GEOFF BARTON

CARNIVORE
'Carnivore'
(Roadrunner RR 9754)
KKKK

"GREETINGS AND felicitations, children of technology!"

The voice makes Cronos' sound like Jon Anderson's and rips through the spout of your wax-bound ear trumpet with foam-flecked *Rottweiler* teeth and red-stained eagle talons, a doom-laden titanium-tipped powerdrill-drawl reducing skull masonry to cocaine-fine bonedust . . .

A recent *Shades* ad warned that this release contains *'really gross/disgusting Metal'* and that description hits the nail squarely on the head.

This is the vinyl equivalent of 'I Spit On Your Grave', of a gangrenous wound seeping pus and surrounded by a halo of flies, of a sticky, well-trodden carpet tile at the *Royal Standard*, Walthamstow . . .

A tainted trio from Brooklyn, Carnivore's throat-slitting, flesh-peeling abattoir of sound would most definitely *not* appeal to the boiled lentil 'n' nut cutlet brigade! No, this is Real Man's meat, uncooked and hacked straight from the bone, devoured with caveman *etiquette* and the raw relish of a Big Cat riding the back of a useless gazelle, burrowing its way through fur and fear to that glistening, bloody prize below . . .

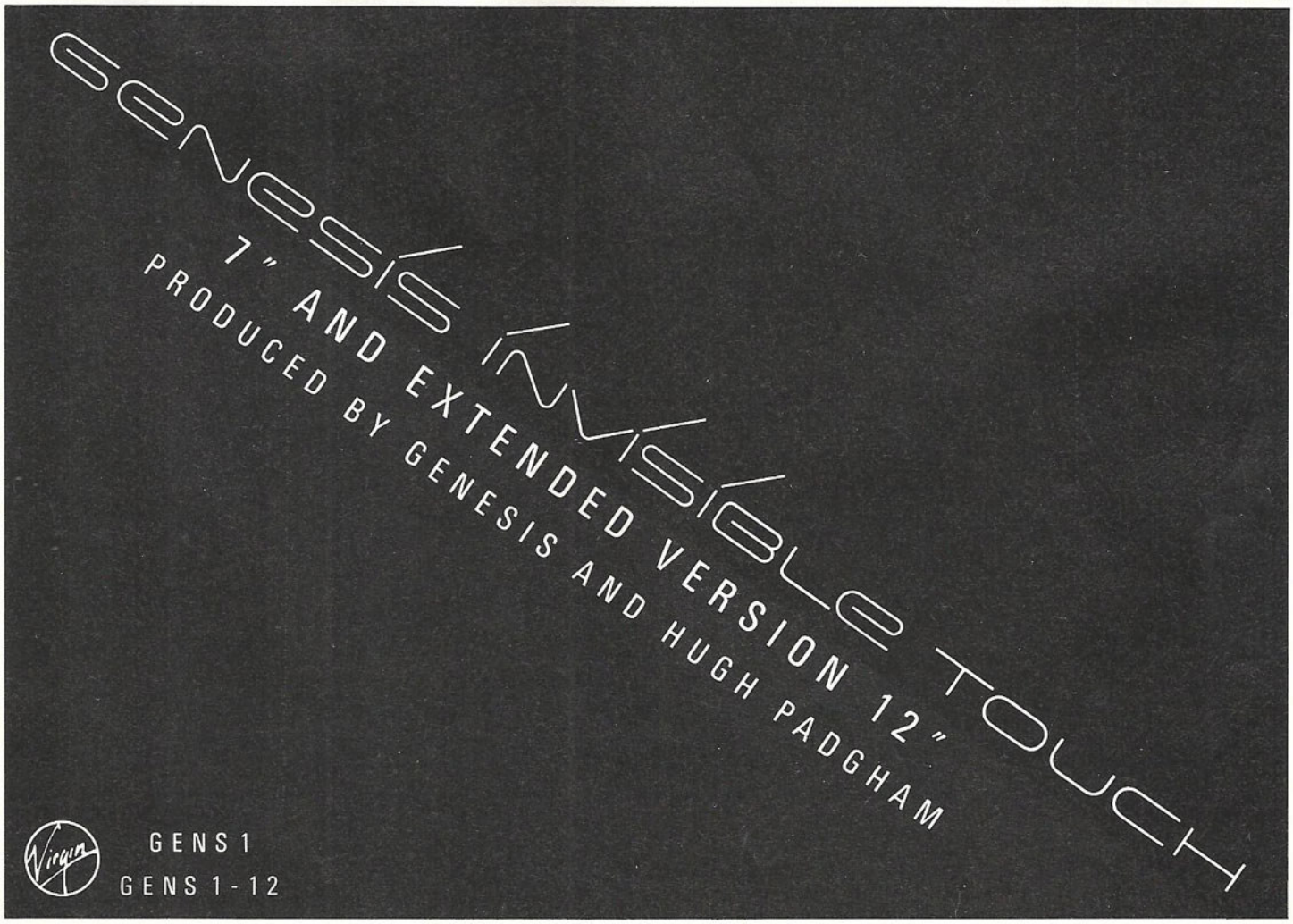
Music? Gutteral 'n' grinding, gruff 'n' tough, heart-stopping 'n' head-throbbing.

Words? *'Carnivore!/I'm a meat eater/I'd like to meet ya/I know I'll reach ya'. . . 'I eat the brains from my enemy's heads/I proudly wear their scalps'. . . 'Crush-kill-destroy/I will smash any resistance/Crush-kill-destroy/The reason for my divine existence'*. . . and, believe me, these are some of the *least* offensive lyrical snippets!

'Carnivore' is ugly, hateful, the product of diseased minds and likely to offend 99.9 per cent of humanity. This is what we want . . .

GEOFF BARTON

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 14



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CORBY: Discovery Records
DARLINGTON: Williams
DERBY: Way Ahead
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DONCASTER: Ashley Adams
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DUNDEE: Other Record Shop
DUNDEE: Virgin Records
DURHAM: Virgin Records
DUDLEY: C.S.S.
DUNFERMLINE: Virgin Records
DUNSTABLE: F. L. Moore
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EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre Box Office
EDINBURGH: Ripping Records
FALKIRK: Sleeves Records
GLASGOW: Other Record Shop
GILLINGHAM: Medway Records
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre Box Office
GREENOCK: Rhythmic Records
GUILDFORD: Andertons Music Centre
HAMILTON: Impulse Records
HALIFAX: Bradleys (Bankhouse)
HARTLEPOOL: Other Record Shop
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Old Town Records
HIGH WYCOMBE: Alder Valley
HITCHIN: F. L. Moore
HOLMFIRTH: Bankhouse Entertainments
HULL: Selbys
HULL: Gough & Davy
HUNTINGDON: United Counties
KENDALL: National Travel World
KETTERING: Revolver Records
KETTERING: United Counties
LANCASTER: Ear Ere Records
LANCASTER: National Travel World
LEAMINGTON SPA: The Travel Centre
LEEDS: Cavendish Travel
LEEDS: Austics
LEICESTER: Town Hall Box Office
LEICESTER: Midland Fox
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FROM PAGE 12

VARIOUS ARTIST
'Speed Kills II'
(Under One Flag FLAG 2)
KKKK

THE TROUBLE with people that take too much speed, right, is that . . .

The trouble, right, with people who take too much speed is that . . .

THE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE THAT TAKE TOO MUCH SPEED IS THAT THEY CAN'T FINISH THEIR GODDAMN SENTEN . . . AAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!

Hold it. Wait . . . I'm gonna speak. The trouble with people who take too much SPEED is, well . . . I forget now. But I know it's BAD, whatever it is. It kills people; it says so on the sleeve of this album. And playing it I know the sleeve does not lie.

Three of my friends were killed by it last night, when I played them 'Pounding Evil' by Destructor, 'Possessed' by Bathory and 'Fight With The Beast' by Onslaught.

If I had any friends left I'd kill them too with 'Gung-Ho' by Anthrax. Hargh! Hargh! Hargh!

Excuse me, chickens. But are you into . . . SPEED?

I thought so. I could tell when I looked in your eyes and nothing looked back. Knowing this helps me. Right now you're gritting what's left of your teeth and shrieking, "STOP WAFFLING AND F**KING GET ON WITH IT!" Such a withered attention span.

BATHORY MAINMAN Quorthon: 'this is the real thing, speed-wise . . .'

All right, here it is straight as a blade: 12 nasty tracks from a dozen of the purely evil ones.

Along with the monsters already mentioned, my personal favourite is Brainfever with 'Brainfever'; quite tremendous, gives me palpitations in the nose just thinking about it.

The rest of the tracks lack not a shade of the same sparkle, some may even be faster, Bog preserve us . . . But special mentions for Agent Steel and their 'The Calling'/'Agents Of Steel', Helloween and 'Ride The Sky' and 'Warmonger' by Whiplash, and I will feel I have done my duty. This is the real thing, speed-wise. Ask any dealer.

MICK WALL

GENESIS
'When The Sour Turns To Sweet'
(Rock Machine MACHM4)
KKK

'NIGHT IS the time for chasing the One-Eyed Hound!' yells Peter Gabriel on this fine waxing by a hot new band. Jonathan King certainly has chanced upon some promising *protéges*, with this crew of boys from Charterhouse.

Having sat through this LP of Bible-toned boppers, I am convinced they have a hugely successful career ahead of them. All they need now is to sign to *Charisma*, hire Phil Collins for their drummer, develop the art of rock theatre, bring out the singer's personality, and Robert Fripp is your uncle.

Ah to be the man who could write tomorrow's headlines. In fact, when 'The Silent Sun' was released as a single from this 1969 album I gave it a cautious welcome. But it was the fans at their early gigs who gave Genesis the encouragement and loyal support they needed to develop into one of the world's greatest bands. Originally released on *Decca* as 'From Genesis To Revelation' this has been re-packaged in a much-improved cover, re-titled and given some amusing and informative sleeve notes by *Sounds* stalwart Hugh Fielder. This was Genesis still finding its musical feet, trying to please producer Jonathan King with the Bee Gees' inspired 'Silent Sun' and at the same time, fending off an orchestra that tended to swamp their efforts.

I always wondered why these 1969 cuts sounded weak and generally disappointing. According to Hugh, the band, especially Peter, were nervous and pressurised. They had to do the whole album in one day. No wonder John Silver's drums are so timid and Peter so restrained. But there are clues to the greatness to come and bright spots, like the aforementioned 'One-Eyed Hound'.This is the last cut on *Side Two*, and has all the

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wry humour, hints of surrealism and drive that would come to typify Genesis in their classic early Seventies era.

'The Serpent', 'Am I Wrong?' and the aggressive 'In The Wilderness' all show original thinking, as the schoolboys struggled to turn pop into progressive rock. Tony Banks' flowing piano and Peter's quirky vocals were heading in the right direction. All they needed was Mr. Collins for the fusion reaction to start.

We're still living with the fallout.

CHRIS WELCH

PILEDRIVER
'Stay Ugly'
(Roadrunner Records RR9701)
KKK½

I CAN'T take any of this s**t seriously. I mean, the band know how to lay down the law when it comes to meating out the riffs, but all those LORD OF ABOMINATIONS/LORD OF DECAY lyrics are so banal, so encrusted in fake blood and video-nasty cheap thrills. Ultimately, a bore.

Still, what is likeable about the new Piledriver album is the mind-snapping lash of 'Bruizer' Bernette's guitars, the relentless crack of 'Hammer's drums, and best of all, the gross sound-effects: the cringeing birth of the devil-child at the end of 'The Incubus', the artificial crackle and lick of the flames at the beginning of 'The Fire God', and all of 'The Warning', which is just one long sound-effect with singer The Piledriver putting down his best demon-rap, backed by a choir of whistling zombies . . .

Listening to 'Stay Ugly' again and again, meaning at least twice, what happens is I involuntarily block out the dumb kiddie-horror words and concentrate on the buzz and death-rattle of the noise instead. 'Metal Death Racer' moves like black lightning across a drying sky, and I like the way 'The Lord Of Abominations' stuns me at the intro, the way my girlfriend's little sister wrinkles her nose like there is a very bad smell in the room, like when I've been scratching my piles . . . What? O blabber, blabber, blah, blah. If you're into secondhand evil Piledriver's 'Stay Ugly' is probably the album for you. Personally, I kicked all that Hammer House Of Heavy Metal hoolah in the head years ago.

Hundred of years ago.

MICK WALL

BLACKWYCH
'Out Of Control'
(Metal Masters METALP 111)
KKK

IN CASE you thought the old ways of headbanging had been ousted by a surfeit of wimphem here come Blackwych to remind us just how the battering of crania may yet be unleashed. 'Metal Mania', on *Side Two* of this creditable debut album, has all the hallmarks of that fervour which first inspired the movement.

True, there is a certain innocence and lack of sophistication in their work. They pursue a well-trodden path, and we've heard the likes of the fast and frantic 'Death's Dealer' a few times before. For all that, tunes like 'Give Up' and 'Rock 'N' Roll' give plenty of scope for exciting work-outs, featuring impressively fast lead axemen Declan James and Bobby Tierney. Ciaran James is an intense, emotive singer who means every hook-line, even when he tends to wander offkey during the more hectic moments of 'Mental Telepathy'.

Despite the old style sci-fi/gothic horror artwork on the cover, the back liner picture reveals a smart looking bunch with up-to-date clean hair styles and good taste in jackets. Perhaps they are secretely pioneering a new fashion . . . Mod Metal!

Meanwhile, back to Blackwych music, blasting through the evil and ominous 'The Hangman'. This suggests they are in favour of capital punishment . . . of our ears. We'll soon find out, when they start their UK tour to promote the album.

CHRIS WELCH

BOBBY BARTH
'Two Hearts – One Beat'
(Atco 790 502 – 1)
KKK½

ABOUT THREE years back I spent a wonderful few days with Bobby Barth, cruising the streets of Gainsville, Florida on the back of his bike, just running around and being crazy! At the time Bobby was producing some fine rock music in Axe, alongside keyboardist and guitarist Michael Osbourne.

Sadly, Axe split up and Michael is no longer with us, a torrid tale of how not all rock 'n' roll roads lead to streets paved with gold! Subsequently, Bobby joined Blackfoot who have also bitten the dust, and has now recorded his first solo album.

It's not the music I'd make, but 'Two Hearts – One Beat' is a particularly positive pop record that deserves to do well. It's not HM, Bobby wouldn't want it to be, but it is a very sound pop record, a record that oozes emotion without resorting to the crass sentimentality that spoils a lot of this kinda stuff.

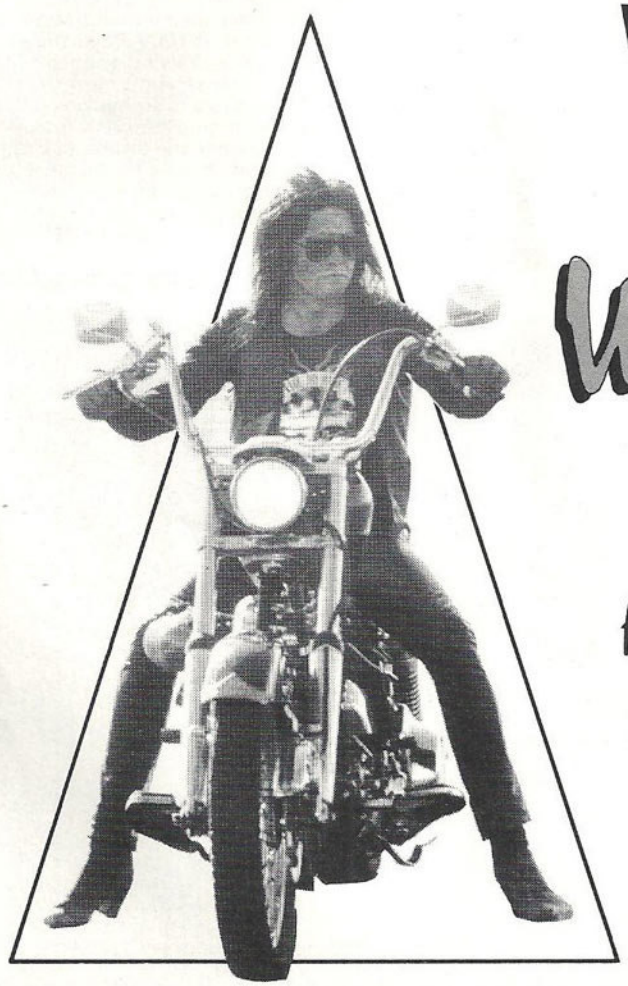
You're gonna have to be broad-minded to go for the likes of 'Dangerous Games' and 'Don't Come To Me', but no-one out there can deny that this is a sound record for the area in which it's based.

Boasting an exquisite production by Bruce Nazarian (this man deserves to work more) and highly reminiscent of Eric Martin in his better moments, right down to a cover of 'Stop (In The Name Of Love)', this is what the Sixties *Motown* bands would sound like if their songs were played by a white rock 'n' roll guitarist, someone like Bobby Barth! Songs first and foremost, frantic mayhem employed as and when needed.

It has to be said that each and every moment isn't pure gold, but when the likes of 'Knife Edge' kick up that funky backbeat, then it's a hard job to get mean about things. This is a record that's not really made for the climes of the UK, but if you can just imagine a hot sun, an open-topped car and a cassette player at extreme volume, then you'll be able to taste Bobby Barth's album easily enough too!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE



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FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

KISS
'Hotter Than Metal'
(Superstar SU 1023 import)
KKKK

KISS, YOU can make me dance, make me sing, make me do just any old thing, but why *confuse* me? A Spanish pressing, a Dutch jacket, a re-released of material from 'Kiss Alive', a picture of drummer Eric Carr(iszzzma?) one the sleeve . . . a load of old tosh? Forget it earthlings, this 'ere pancake is the best record I've heard all year and it ain't even new!

There's no way I'm gonna knock the contents – who could possibly stick a gun in the face of raunch 'n' roll like 'Deuce', 'Strutter' or the cataclysmic 'Firehouse'? No sir, not me! What I am gonna shoot at, however, is the tacky way this Kiss LP has reared its grease paint-splattered head.

There can be no sound reason to release part of an already available double live LP – except to confuse people like me who, uh, move in logical circles. Why no sleeve notes? And who no photo of 'Alive' drummer Peter Criss? Like I said, T-A-C-K-Y!

The music, however, is another kettle o' fish, another prod in the groin with a seven inch leather heel. This is Kiss, at their monstrously spectacular peak, spurting out blood, guts, cocks and rock 'n' roll over all nite.

'Hotter Than Metal' probably isn't worth the import price, but it might be a good move to dust off your original 'Kiss Alive' album just to relive the memories. Ah, what I'd give to lick Gene's bat-wings . . .

DEREK OLIVER

PERSIAN RISK
'Rise Up'
(Metal Masters METALP 112)
KKK

PERSIAN RISK don't exist any more. After battling against peculiarly stacked odds for a long time, the quintet (easily one of the better British hard rock acts to emerge in recent years) finally bowed to the inevitable, undeserved fate of obscurity. But it's no use crying over the vagaries of history, is it?

So, on to the facts. 'Rise Up' is the first album from the Persians . . . and, as events would have it, their farewell offering. It isn't a perfect representation of what they were worth, but it'll do.

Co-produced on a miniscule budget by the boys with Will Reid Dick, the LP comes to life only spasmodically, with the sepia tones of the tinsel-clad and balladic 'Jane' easily the outstanding number. Sounding not unlike 'Abominog'-era Uriah Heep, it flows along with some cork-popping vocals from Carl Sentance while sublime guitar tendrils link into the mink-skins of high-class drummer Steve Hopgood. With a touch of the Beau Hills or 'Mutt' Langes at the mixing desk, 'Jane' is almost a sure fire, cast-in-steel hit single.

Elsewhere, it's the more thoughtful, taut-full material that proves close to the grade, as 'Hold The Line', 'Brave New World' (a neat twister), 'Sky's Falling Down' and 'Dark Tower' give the band plenty of space and time to display their craft. It's only on the more cock-sure rockers, 'Rise Up'/'Don't Turn Around'/'Break Free'/'Rip It Up'/'Women In Rock', that the whole carnival runs a little out of steam, although this is largely due to the lack of production guidance.

Persian Risk might have risen, under different circumstances, to a lofty position in the world of rock 'n' roll, but all is not yet lost . . . for Hopgood, Sentance and guitarist Phil Volkins are planning to stick together under the modified handle of 'Risk'. Let's hope they have better luck.

MALCOLM DOME

KICK AXE
'Welcome To The Club'
(Pasha FN 40095 import)
KKK½

COMIN' ATCHA like a wacko combination of Canadians Goddo and Max Webster, Kick Axe have dumped their formula cock-rock for a leap into the artful world of creativity. They've made a better record for it too, but it's still a long, long way short of what was really expected.

Produced, once again, by Spencer Proffer, 'Welcome To The Club' makes extensive and extraordinary use of weirdly complex arrangements and futuristic production, Expect the unexpected is the best way to describe the material, and by the time you hit the second side you'll either love it or hate it. I love it, but then I'm a sucker for strange things . . .

Sparking off the imagination is one thing but spiralling outta control is another. Here we never get the chance to fully appreciate Kick Axe's fine ability to riff with the best of 'em – it's all a little too disjointed. Sometimes like early (operatic) Queen, but with far heavier production, the songs twist 'n' turn with unbelievable dexterity . . . but unlike Queen there is no real longevity.

Watertight numbers such as 'Feels Good, Don't Stop' (funky), 'Make Your Move' (rocky) and 'Hellraisers' (Metally) mix with far less serious statements like 'Too Loud, Too Old' (tongue firmly in cheek) and 'Welcome To The Club' (lyrically thought-provoking). Yet it's the (Joe Cocker) classic 'With A Little Help From My Friends' that emerges as the oddest contender. Given an amazing epic production, the song features a plethora of guests – Alfie Zappacosta (ex-Surrender), Rik Emmett (Triumph), Lee Aaron, Sheron Alton and Brian Allen (both ex-Toronto) and Cindy Valentine.

Choppy, complex and fragmented, Kick Axe have not exactly disappointed their public so much as spun off at an unexpected angle. I'll give 'em full marks for being brave enough to go for it, but when you've got bands like Zebra who do it far better why settle for the Second Division?

Third time lucky? Maybe.

DEREK OLIVER

TOUCHED
'Death Row'
(Ebony EBON 33)
KKK¾
BLADE RUNNER
'Warriers Of Rock'
(Ebony EBON 35)
KKK¼

TOUCHED, YOU may remember, took a somewhat inevitable critical battering from yours truly about a year ago. But since the release of the 'Back Alley Vices' LP the Lancastrian quartet have come a long way, and their new release, 'Death Row', is an encouraging improvement.

The ferocious 'Power Point', 'Night Attacker', 'Moving On' and 'When I Call Your Name' make up a steaming opening side that shows the extent of the band's new-found potential. 'Night Attacker' has a cool, cock-sure swagger and 'Moving On', complete with a touch of Van Halen for good measure, keeps the album on course for better marks this time around. After these two trax, the memory of 'Back Alley Vices' was clean washed away.

The ballad(ish) 'When I Call Your Name', a bold-but-successful inclusion, finishes *Side One* – again showing Touched's current confidence and competence – and then a belligerent barrage of murderous Metal on *Side Two* seals the band's efforts.

If Touched continue to impove over the coming year then their next album should be very interesting indeed.

Blade Runner, meanwhile, sound like they're trying to be a bit too ambitious at this stage of their vinyl career. I'm not slagging 'em, for 'Warriors Of Rock' does have its high points (like 'Snow Queen') and deserves its higher-than-average rating, but they *do* have a tendency to cram too much into one track. At times, this slightly Maiden-esque approach works . . . at others it just sounds overloaded and disjointed.

But, having said that, I admire BR for being brave and trying to make their intricate Metal pieces work. In Gary Jones they have a quick-drawing, trigger-happy guitarist who's more than capable of embellishing the ever-changing tempos of bassist Mick Cooper and drummer Greg Ellis, and I'm sure they'll get it just right given time. For now, though, Touched have the edge.

MARK PUTTERFORD

MORE REVIEWZ PAGE 18

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS
'Tuff Enuff'
(Epic EPC 26883)
KKKKK

THE SUN always seems to shine when the Fabulous Thunderbirds get slapped on the stereo. They're one of those bands who are perfect to listen to while belting down the motorway, preferably in someone else's car so you can bounce about in the seat, nut the dangling furry dice on each snare beat, an arm out of the window rapping on the door panel, looking at the other drivers with a sneering grin. Cadillac Rock!

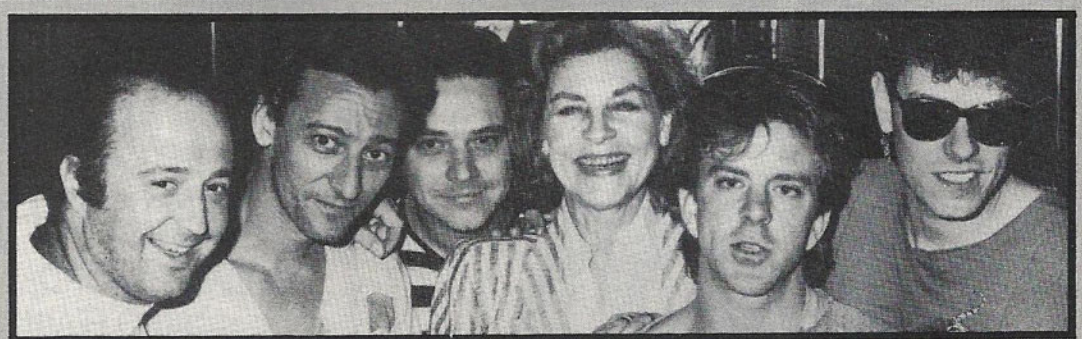
Superbly produced by Dave Edmunds, 'Tuff Enuff' is probably the best soul-soaked R 'n' B album you'll hear this year; ten tracks of out-and-out good-time music performed with punch and spilling out of the speakers with an irresistible pull for you to get down an' boogie. Put the amp on '11' (courtesy of Spïnal Tap) and hit that button!

The Fab. Thunderbirds are also the perfect party band, belting out uptempo rock-a-boogie like 'Tell Me', 'Amnesia' and 'I Don't Care' with a rare sense of fun and frolics; and if you can sit still through a rock 'n' roll gem like 'Look At That, Look At That' then I'm afraid you're a lost cause, mate.

Loosen up a bit and swing a buttock and hip over to the bar during the seductive sway of 'Two Time My Lovin''; lean in a corner and get glugged to 'Why Get Up'; or strut your stuff and feel macho as you take in the bluesy raunch and ingest the lyrics of 'Tuff Enuff'.

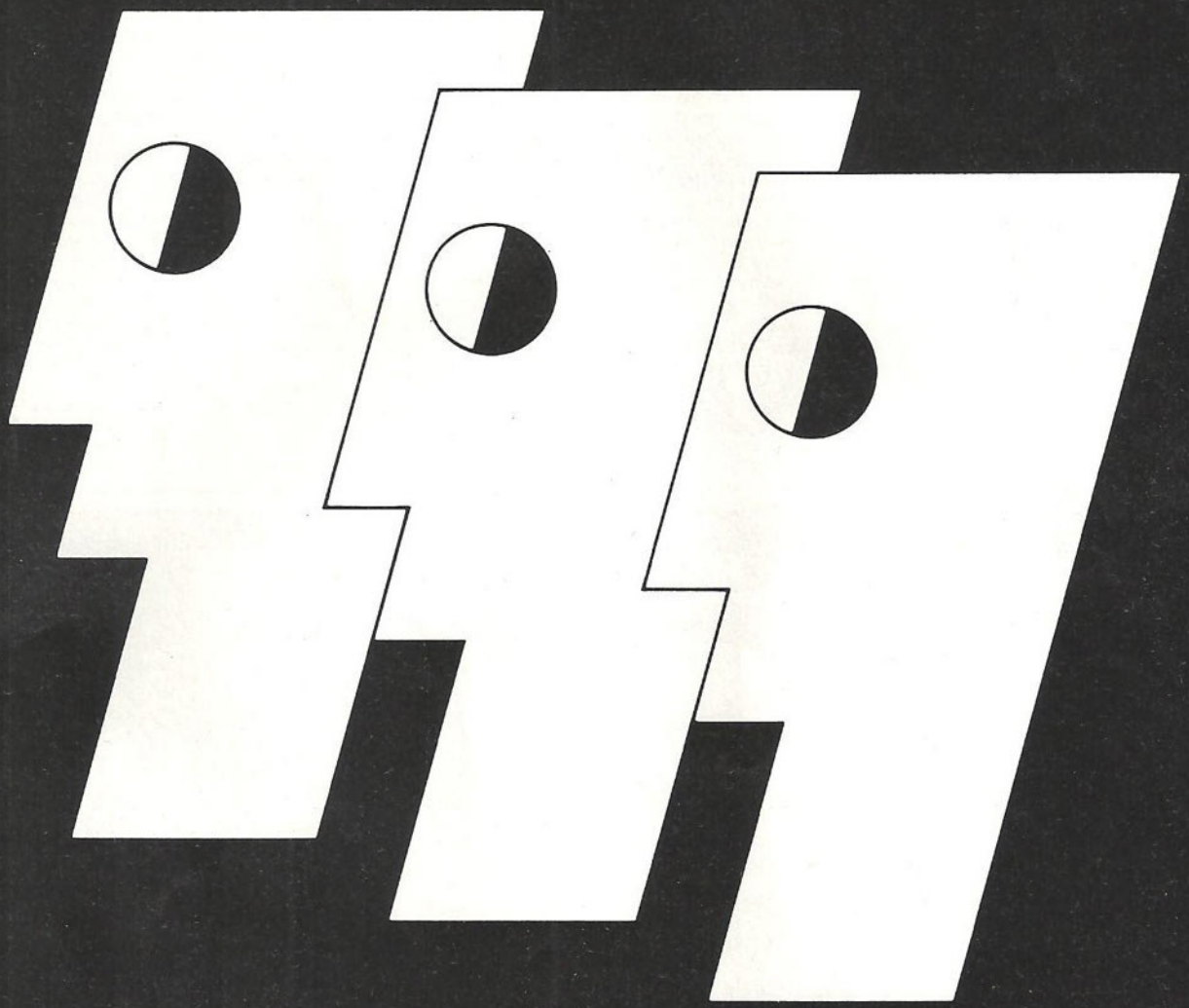
When guitarist Jimmie Vaughan (brother of 'Krusher's mainman Stevie Ray) and soulful vocalist Kim Wilson lead the pack through stuff like this, what else can summers have been invented for?

PAUL HENDERSON



THUNDERBIRDS (WITH wizened Lady Penelope, third from right): "F.A.B.!"

EMERSON LAKE & POWELL



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IN THE SHOPS FROM MONDAY JUNE 2ND

FROM PAGE 16

TONY MACALPINE
'Edge Of Insanity'
(Roadrunner RR 9706)
KKK

THERE'S NO doubting Tony MacAlpine's technique. As a guitarist, his technical abilities are quite phenomenal; as a pianist, judging by the brief snatches of playing on this album, I guess he's something of a virtuoso too.

Guitar Player magazine: '*He has* legato *technique like that of Allan Holdsworth and his picking is comparable to Yngwie Malmsteen with a little Al Dimeola thrown in . . . And with 16 years of serious classical piano training, he is the most skilled musician that I have encountered in rock music.*'

Quite a claim! But it's one that, bar the Holdsworth bit, I would find it difficult to argue with. So why only the *KKK* rating?

Simply, if obtusely, it's all totally 'cold'; no feel, no emotion, a serious lack of rock 'n' roll *attitude*. A relentless display of *technique* for its own sake. It would be difficult to pack more guitar notes into the ten instrumental tracks (the other is a short piano piece – 'Chopin, Prelude 16, Opus 28'), as MacAlpine demonstrates his sponge-like ability to absorb and regurgitate the styles of Gary Moore, Yngwie, Eddie Van Halen and any other 'speed merchant' you care to mention.

TONY MACALPINE: build 'em up, knock 'em down . . .

Talas/Dave Lee Roth bassist Billy Sheehan and ex-Journey drummer Steve Smith, on the other hand, perform in total contrast: masterful, superbly sympathetic, yet also inspired. At times Smith pummels away with such ferocious intensity it makes you chew gashes in your bottom lip. Quite astonishing.

This is MacAlpine's first flirtation with rock. Once he learns to link his phenomenal technique to his heart rather than his head, this guy is going to be a force to be reckoned with.

PAUL HENDERSON

BONNIE TYLER
'Secret Dreams And Forbidden Fire'
(CBS 86319)
KKKK

LOTTA NAMES on this album: Bryan Adams and Jim Vallance, Desmond Child, Max Weinberg (from the E Street Band). Lotta names, too, who were involved in the massive Meat Loaf 'Bat Out Of Hell' project a decade ago: Jim Steinman, Todd Rundgren, Roy Bittan, Rory Dodd, John Jansen. In fact, this could easily be 'Bat . . .' Part II with only the lead name changed. Now it's Bonnie Tyler out front and the resurrection of her career continues under the Svengali-like Steinman who, of course, returned her to the limelight from the depths of obscurity with the 'Total Eclipse Of The Heart' single.

Eight songs on this mightily impressive album that falls short in two respects only: (*1*) With the exception of 'Loving You's A Dirty Job . . .' (a typical Steinman tune linking Ms Tyler with Todd Rundgren) where Eddie Martinez stretches his fingers, there's very little serious guitar mayhem going on, and (*2*) This inches very close to the bland with its lack of adventure. It's obviously aimed straight at the heart of US radio-land and should prove disgustingly successful. The production (again by Steinman) is perfect, but there's no thin ice being trodden here.

Ms Tyler, meanwhile, proves herself a more than able rock singer (and yes, I said *rock*). Her range can encompass both the furious rocking of 'Holding Out For A Hero' and the more gentle Desmond Child-penned 'Lovers Again'. Given this kind of backing, Bonnie Tyler is clearly transforming herself into a major international star.

The songwriting is faultless and given the names above that should surprise no-one. The playing, naturally, falls into the same category. Even the sleeve's pretty nifty.

Give it a spin. DAVE DICKSON

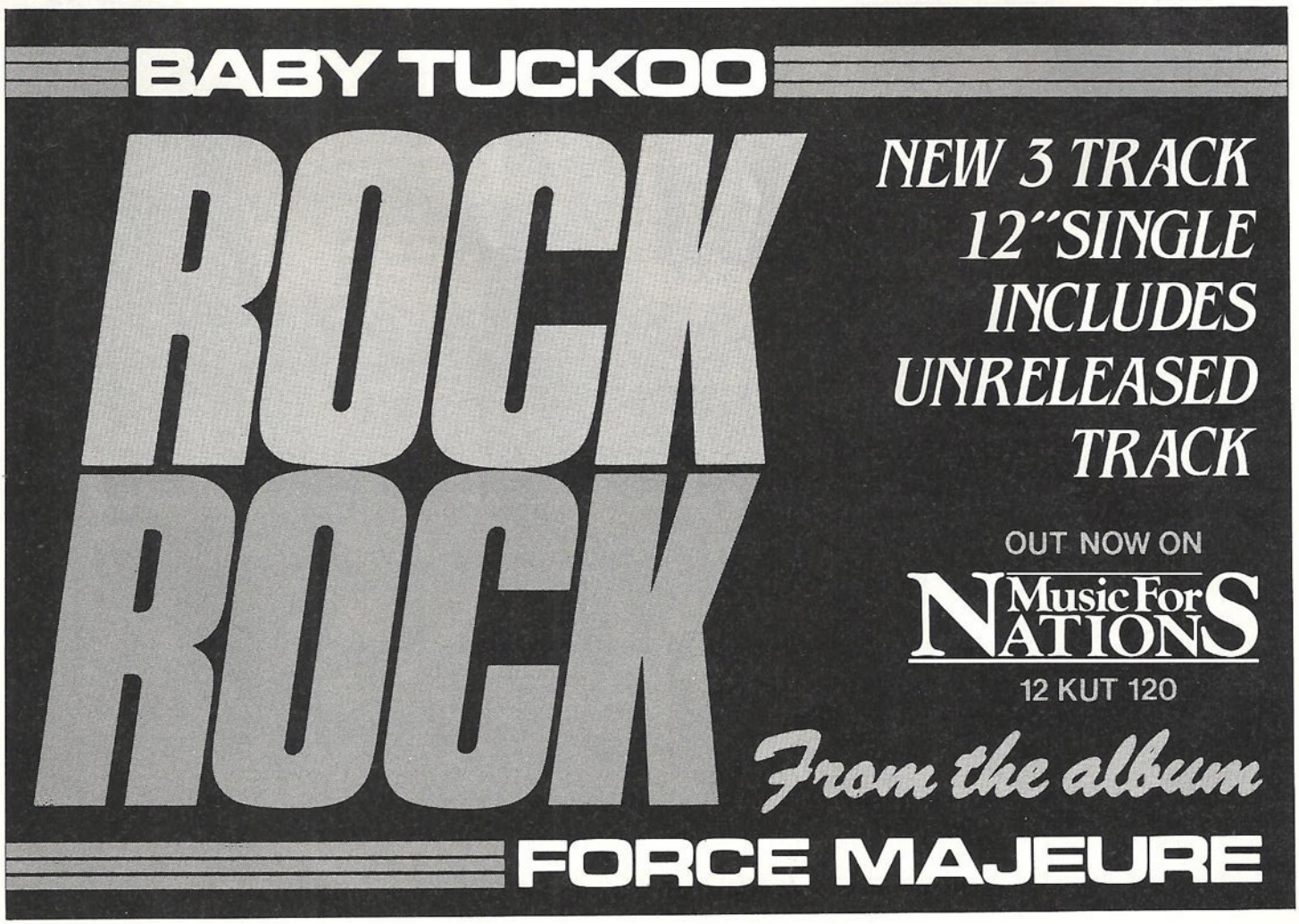
BLOODLUST
'Guilty As Sin'
(Restless/Metal Blade 72099-1 import)
KK

OH DEAR, just when I thought life was beginning to improve at *Metal Blade* along comes this tripe. A crying shame really, cos I reckon there's quite a good band hidden away beneath all this pointless bone-grinding Metal.

Los(t) Angeles really does seem to be turning into a bit of a graveyard as far as Frash Metal goes; OK, I know there's Slayer, but they really are the exception to the rule. Bloodlust's problem would seem to be a lack of ideas in the studio – indeed, of the eight songs (if that's the right word!) on offer here, only two are worth writing home about. Here goes . . .

Dear Mum, I've just bought this Bloodlust album, 'Guilty As Sin', and guess what? It's S**T, apart from the title kut which does, I admit, get somewhat lively in the *scherzo*, rather similar to that Mozart album you played last time I visited you. But you'd love this song 'Chainsaw', with guitarists Anthony Romero and Earl Mendenhall coming across more menacing than 'Texas Chainsaw . . .'s very own 'Leather Face'! And the lyrics are too sick to reprint here.

See yer soon and regards to Haig Pit (the man-eating Staffordshire bull terrier). Luv Zed. XAVIER RUSSELL



STEVE HACKETT & STEVE HOWE

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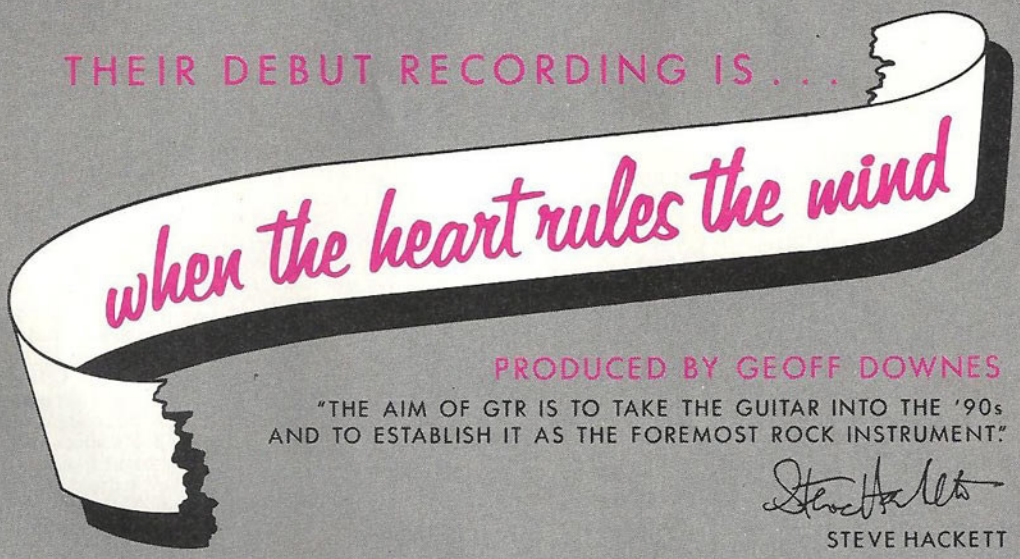
THEIR DEBUT RECORDING IS . . .



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UNION OF THE SNAKE

MARK PUTTERFORD gets APPICE of the action from KING KOBRA

KER-RIST! IT'S not often that Putting-Green (as Dante Subbutteo likes to kall him) loses his kritikal komposure in a delighted fit of K-flinging, but a recent enkounter with the new King Kobra opus, 'Thrill Of A Lifetime', took me kompletely by surprize, and before I knew it my grubby mitt was thumping away like a frustrated woodpekker on the previously kob-webbed key between J and L on my typewriter.

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap it went, like Carmine 'look, still no K!' Appice's shuddering snare-drum under the fire of those famous glowing drumstikks, or possibly like the fireworks that snap, crakkle and pop when guitarists David Mikhael-Philips and Mikk Sweda start swopping blows; and suddenly there it was . . . a line of kapital Ks as solid as Johnny Rod's bass-line and (almost) as impressive as Mark Free's voice. King Kobra has been krowned.

In kase you haven't guessed, 'Thrill Of A Lifetime' is a pretty good album. And Viv Richards is a pretty good batsman. The next step, then, was to 'hook up' (LA slang, man) with the rokkin' reptiles as soon as they'd finished their latest string of US dates and get all the latest skam from them, for though the band are really beginning to take-off Stateside, there's been little word of them over here. (Indeed, there's even a chance that 'Thrill Of A Lifetime' might not be released in Blighty – and that'd be kriminal. So maybe if we all pushed *Kapitol Rekords* hard enough . . .).

"Hi Mark, this is Mark!" komes the Yankee tones of Mark Free all the way from Los Angeles. "Howya d-o-i-n'?"

Mark and Carmine are kurrently going through all the obligatory phone-in rigmarole at their management offices, having just finished touring with Kiss and Ted Nugent. They've been on the road since the beginning of March, doing 28 shows in six weeks with Kiss throughout the upper Mid-West and North East and then partying through three weeks in Texas with pin-head Ted. And they're missing it like mad!

"Oh it's been really wild out here," Mark tries his best to make me jealous (and succeeds), "it was a wonderful experience touring with such a well-oiled machine like Kiss . . . and we had some real krazy times. On the last night, we went onstage with Kiss and sang 'Likk It Up' while some chikk in a G-string danced around!"

"I'm real sorry to be home," Carmine adds, speaking on another line, "especially as the new album is selling so well now. Our first album ('Ready To Strike') took three months to sell 50,000 copies, whereas this new one has sold 50,000 in its first month of release! It's also doing great in places like Germany and Sweden, so we're hoping to kome over to Europe soon and play."

THE KOBRAS have a right to be excited – they've only been together for just over a year and they're already striding towards stardom.

For their drummer, Carmine Appice, that'll be nothing new, for his Nile-long list of kredits already inkludes working with the likes of Jeff Bekk, Rod Stewart, Rikk Derringer, Ozzy Osbourne and Ted Nugent. But for the rest of the lads, King Kobra is their best bet for fame (and possibly fortune) yet; Mark Free had been living in LA "just playing the bars" for a few years before teaming up with Carmine, Johnny Rod had been "doing the small-time circuit in St. Louis" before offering his services to KK, and Mikk Sweda and David Mikhael-Philips (who found himself temporarily in Keel) worked at *Tower Rekords* in LA before receiving the KK kall.

"Yeah, we're real pleased with the way things are going," Carmine kontinues,

THE NEWLY-SHORN King Kobra (Carmine Appice far right): "elements of modern dance-rokk with heavy guitars and a social statement"

"especially with the new album. There IS a difference between this one and the last one, but it's not a big one. What we did this time was to take the melodik elements of the first album – songs like 'Tough Guy' and 'Sekond Thoughts' – and really develop them. The result was that 'Thrill Of A Lifetime' had a bit more kolour and variation."

"Oh definitely," Mark agrees. "The produktion tekhniques that we used this time were a lot more 'state-of-the-art', too. We really koncentrated on making it sound better than the last rekord."

Produktion apart, I rekkon the songs are better this time around . . . and the first song that springs to mind is the brilliant rokk-rap, 'Home Street Home'. Whose idea was that?

"Actually, Mark started that idea," Carmine explains, "he had an answer phone and on it was this rap kinda thing. I heard it one day and said, 'Wow that's real kool – we should write a heavy rokk rap someday!' So we got working on it and Mikk came up with a riff and a koncept for it. Then he and I developed it further before putting it to the rest of the band.

"Hey, I'm glad you like that song – it works real good, and it also has some social value, too. I understand that it's the first single to be taken from our album in Europe, and they're releasing it over here for radio stations, so it does seem to be taking off. Whenever we play the album to someone, 'Home Street Home' is always one of the trakks that they pikk out."

"At first I don't know whether or not people took it as a serious song," Mark adds, "and in fakt, 'Dream On' was the first single released over here in the States, bekause we felt that some people might take 'Home Street Home' as just a novelty song. But everyone seems to love it, so we're releasing it as an extended 12 inch now."

Ah. King Kobra go disko, eh?

"Oh *nooooo*!" Carmine laughs, "I'd rather just say King Kobra are in the Eighties. We're adding the elements of modern dance-rokk with heavy guitars and a social statement. Everyone loves it over here, but I am a little worried about the British reaktion to it, bekause I know how kritikal the audiences are over there and I know that if you try to do something slightly different they all jump on your bakk."

DO YOU have any slightly unusual ideas in the pipeline for the next LP?

"Oh yeah," sez Mark, "we're gonna get in touch with Colonel Gadaffi and fly him over to do some bakking vokals . . ."

"Yeah, we're gonna kall the next album 'Terrorist!!!'" Carmine guffaws. "Aktually, talking of Gadaffi, the company that makes those glowing drumstikks that I use also make all different kinds of toilet paper – and at the moment they're selling Gadaffi paper, so you kan wipe your ass on his face!"

One of the most impressive features of 'Thrill . . .', I suggest, is its prikkly parade of katchy khoruses – so how do the band go about writing a katchy khorus?

"That's a little hard to explain," Mark explains, finding it a little hard, "because it really just komes to you. For instance, the khorus of 'Sekond Time Around' kame to me suddenly as if someone had turned on a light in my head, but 'Feel The Heat' kame from a riff that Mikk had, and I just went home and listened to the riff over and over until I had a melody."

"Yeah, we just bounce off each other's ideas," Carmine kontinues, "and I think that that approach to writing will help the band stay together as we progress, bekause there won't be any problems with people fighting over whose song is going to get used."

But even though Carmine is trying to keep King Kobra a five-way split, it's still regarded as his band, and I wondered if that bothered him.

"No, not at all, "he says, "bekause it IS my band. I'm leader of the band, but I'm not a diktator or anything, bekause I make sure everyone get's his fair share of the say. There's no question of me trying to run this show on my own; King Kobra is a *band*."

How does it kompare with the other bands Carmine has played in?

"I think it has elements of every band I've played in, really. When we put KK together, we looked for people who played great, looked great, performed great . . . and that's what we got. There's a great balance in King Kobra, and we're learning from every experience."

ONE OF the things KK are experiencing now is having their song on the soundtrakk of a hugely successful Stateside movie. 'Iron Eagle' kame out in January in Amerika and was "the Number One box-office smash in its first two or three weeks". So far, it's grossed over $30 million and, as KK sing the theme tune itself, it's success has done nothing to harm the band's kareer at all.

"Yeah, it's great that we're on that soundtrakk," Carmine purrs proudly, "and there's a lot of other good bands on it, too – Dio, Helix, Katrina And The Waves, Queen, Jon Butcher Axis, Eric Martin and lots more. We got involved through our co-producer, Duane Hitchings, who wrote the 'Iron Eagle' song, and it's really been a big boost for us. I feel it's gonna help King Kobra towards the success that it deserves."

The film is due to be released in Britain this Summer through *Tri-Star* films, and the soundtrakk should be available as you read, with the 'Iron Eagle (Never Say Die)' single having been released in early May.

If you haven't already pikked up a kopy of 'Thrill Of A Lifetime' on import, then check out the single (and the hilarious video!) and katch a vein-full of the King Kobra venom.

It's a K-K-K-K-Killer!

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

TWISTED TALES

I AM writing to express my annoyance concerning Jay Jay French of Twisted Sister's remarks (issue 118) about Heavy Metal in America going downhill because of the influence of the PMRC. In a word – BOLLOCKS!

From the end of last year up to now, there have been many Heavy Metal successes, both in the US charts and on the road. For instance, Kiss, who released 'Asylum' last October, are probably very pleased with themselves, as the album was in the charts in America for 23 weeks, making it their biggest-selling record since the old days! Ozzy's album 'The Ultimate Sin' did brilliantly, too, going straight into the American Top Ten a couple of months ago, and as I write it's still there at number seven. As if that's not all, Judas Priest have gone, almost immediately, to number 20 in the US with 'Turbo'. However the real success of the year so far has to be Metallica's 'Master Of Puppets': straight in at 34, and now up to 29 (well done lads!). Dokken are also 'big time' now, thanks to their brilliant album 'Under Lock and Key'.

So, just because Twisted Sister's 'Come Out and Play' failed to repeat what 'Stay Hungry' did, there's no need for Jay Jay to con British fans into thinking HM is down-and-out in the US – coz it ain't! Don't get me wrong, I think TS are great, but I agree that 'Stay Hungry' was an 'over-achiever', selling mostly on the strength of their hilarious videos. The same thing can be said about Dio's 'The Last in Line', which also did well because of the spectacular video which was apparently heavily rotated on *MTV*. So next time I'll expect *Kerrang!* to get the facts right. **A Venom and Styper fan.**

PS. Being a bloke, I'm a bit annoyed at *Kerrang!* doing stuff like Ozzy nude centrespreads. I understand that there are obviously many women readers who would like this trend to continue, and I'm not saying it should stop, but for God's sake let's have some sexy women centrespreads for a change. The *Ladykillers* series has been a complete waste of time, so how about some Lee Aaron or Nancy Wilson pix, with the gals demonstrating '101 original things to do with a can of spray cream'?

PPS. Print this letter, it's my 17th to your mag.

BRAIN DRAIN

WHILST READING your article on the downfall of Twisted Sister in America (issue 118), I felt very sorry for the band. I came to one conclusion: the PMRC are complete s**t eaters. I mean, why should a load of turds like the PMRC cause the downfall of a superb American band who write non-offensive music with no foul language and Satanism? What I say to the PMRC is this: come over to England and I will take great pleasure in ripping out your brains (if you have any) and eating them for my tea. **Span, founder member of the F**K U PMRC Society.**

SLAY RIDE

MANKIND HAS three categories:

1. Those who have never heard Slayer.

2. Those who hate Slayer.

3. The mentally insane

Thankfully, I belong to the third category. **Steev, Chester.**

WHIP ME, WHIP ME

GRUNT! WHO the f**k does Mark Putterford think he is for giving Whiplash a –K rating for their excellent 'Power And Pain' album (issue 118)? He should be nailed to a cross for slagging them off!

Whiplash, like any other Thrash/Death/Speed Metal band, are far superior to the likes of Ratt, Marillion (yelch!), Ozzy Ozbourne, Rush, those f**king hippies Hawkwind and pathetic Gary Moore.

So come on *Kerrang!*, give us *real* Metal, *ie* Anthrax, S.O.D., Onslaught, Metallica, Exodus, Venom (yeah, Venom!) and Celtic Frost.

And, Puttyford, do us all a favour – stick to reviewing *Jack And Jill* comics, asshole! **Ken (Deathrider) Blackmore (no relation to wimpy Ritchie at all, thank God!), Dublin.**

STRENGTH THROUGH JOYCE

RE: JAMES Joyce's 'Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man' and your quote from said opus (*Kommunication*, issue 119). So that's where Xavier Rissole gets his style from! **An older, more discerning artist, London.**

P.S. 'Tull to guest at Milton Keynes', eh? Do I spot an Editor about to eat his words on the impossibility of a Tull feature in the near future?
No. – Ed.

A WEIRDO WRITES

DEATH METAL is a bit of a sham. Sure, it's aggressive enough, but really to worship death your Metal has got to be soulful and not just meant to attack the senses. Thrash Metal is very appealing, it feeds a hunger of wildness and anarchy, a sense of freedom that coils you up and spits you out.

Death Metal is appealing in one way because what person without sense wouldn't like to be under the ground in these times? Still, we'd be kept alive through our love of Metal and its vampiritic love for us. We love life for this very reason, we FEED off the love of hate and that is how our Metal appeals.

Judas Priest and Iron Maiden appeal to the mainstream Metal brigade. Their music is fast, hard and exciting. Judas are my particular favourites, although the new uprising of Speed Metal, Thrash and Boogie 'Living' Metal such as Celtic Frost, Helloween and the 'Black' artists like Mercyful Fate are of appeal in their own right. Some of these groups firmly believe in Satan and death may be our only salvation as far as living is concerned. I for one want to live long, and as long as they appeal, I will too!!! **Anon.**

A SOUND LIKE ALICE

FOR THOSE *Kerrang!* readers who live in London and complain that there is a lack of decent rock music on the radio, well I've got news for you.

There is a great rock music radio station in London called *Alice's Restaurant*. Alice's put out a strong stereo signal every Sunday from 8am to 1am the following day. They play rock music (the kind *Kerrang!* often features), including groups like AC/DC, Chariot, the Who and Led Zeppelin. They also feature demo tapes from up-and-coming bands and community rock news.

So for those of you in London who enjoy good rock music, tune in to *Alice's Restaurant* this Sunday on 93MHz stereo! **Anthony Cruse, an avid Alice's listener, Romford, Essex.**

WONNIE WAFFLE

HAVING JUST read the blah blah article about blah blah Dio in issue 119, I blah blah was amazed how much blah blah filling there blah blah was, *ie* blah blah 50 per cent.

This blah blah should be discouraged by the blah blah Editor or blah blah stopped. Blah people like blah blah me don't need blah blah ego trips by blah blah interviewers, just the blah blah facts will blah blah do.

Your blah blah faithfully, **Simon blah blah James.**

HIT AND MISS

I WOULD just like to say that *Kerrang!* is the best HM/HR magazine on Earth. A friend of mine buys the American equivalent *Hit Parader* and in my honest opinion it is the biggest pile of s**t on the market.

The main interviews are with the same musicians every bloody month. I recently read two Gene Simmons interviews out of different *Hit Paraders* which were so similar in content I very quickly concluded that I was either dealing with a *poltergiest* moving my copies around or that this magazine was running out of ideas. You can guess (I expect) which one was right.

So, *Kerrang!*, keep up the high standard and variety that will always make you top of my list, *and* of course print my letter. Maybe I'll write in again one of these days and boost your readership a little more. **Pubert (alias Hugos), Caithness, Scotland.**

'TURBO' NOT TURD-O

DEAR TRACY Williams (*Kommunication*, issue 119), you seem to have strange delusions about the new Judas Priest album 'Turbo'. '*Bordering on awfulness*,' you say. Well, I'm sorry, but we can't be listening to the same album.

Obviously all your misgivings centre around the use of the guitar synth. Well, in my opinion this album is the best example so far of how far this gadget could and, indeed, *should* be used.

Ms. Williams must understand that rock 'n' roll must progress to survive. Priest are survivors. Long may they reign. Defend the faith! **John Anderson, Scotland.**

MARK KING of Level 42: no rock bassist possesses one iota of this man's slaying talent, claims a reader

ON THE LEVEL

LOOKING THROUGH issue 118 of Kerrang! *(specifically,* View From The Bar*) I was amazed to see that brilliant bass player Mark King of Level 42 being slagged off. 'Pass the sick bag someone' you wrote, referring to the Great Man.*

Do you mean to tell us that the 'abilities' of such 'rock' people as Lemmy, Cliff Williams, Steve Harris and others could possibly amass into a fraction of the talent of the great Mark King? It seems to me that the only qualifications required to be a rock 'bass player' are:

1. Stereotypical macho, Jack Daniels *swigging, idiotic image.*
2. Dated equipment set up.
3. The ability to pedal one note for a full set or even an entire career (short-lived as they so rightly are).

If your magazine/comic held the belief that to have nothing constructive to say is to have nothing to say at all, you would undoubtedly have nothing to print.

Rock 'bassists' suck! ***Gary Clee, Merseyside.***

■ **AC/DC** have just released the soundtrack for the movie **'Overdrive'**, featuring nine tracks, including new songs **'Who Made Who'**, **'Chase The Ace'** and **'DT'**.

■ **EMERSON, LAKE & POWELL** issue their debut, self-titled album through *Polydor* on June 6. Co-produced by **Greg Lake** and **Tony Tavernor**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'What's Your Game'**, **'Learning To Fly'** and **'Miracle'**.

Side Two: **'Touch & Go'**, **'Love Blind'**, **'Step Aside'**, **'Lay Down Your Guns'** and **'Mars'** (a version of **Holtz**'s orchestral score).

■ FORMER **PLASMATICS** member **Jean Beauvoir** issues his debut solo album through the *Red Eye* label (distributed by *Virgin*) on June 9. Titled **'Drums Across The Mohawk'**, it was produced by Beauvoir at *Polar Studios* in Stockholm and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Feel The Heat'**, **'Never Went Down'**, **'Missing The Young Days'**, **'Rockin' In The Street'** and **'Sorry I Missed Your Wedding Day'**.

Side Two: **'Drive You Home'**, **'Same Song Plays On & On'**, **'This Is Our House'**, **'If I Was Me'** and **'Nina'**.

Aside from writing all the numbers, Beauvoir also plays virtually every instrument featured on the LP.

■ **GOLDEN EARRING** have just released their latest album through the *21 Records* label in the US, with distribution by *Atlantic*. Titled **'The Hole'** it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'They Dance'**, **'Quiet Eyes'**, **'Save The Best For Later'**, **'Have A Heart'** and **'Love In Motion'**.

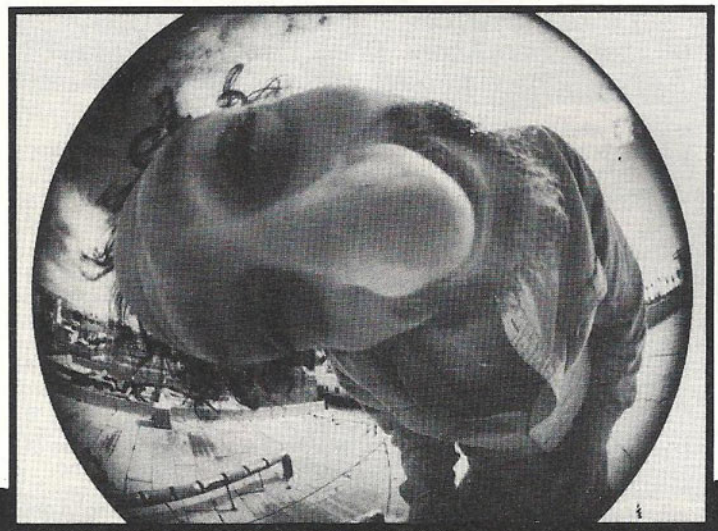
Side Two: **'Jane Jane'**, **'Jump And Run'**, **'Why Do I'** and **'Shout In The Dark'**.

■ **JACK STARR'S BURNING STARR** will be issuing a new album through the *Napalm* label in the US in the near future. Titled **'No Turning Back'**, it was produced by **David DeFeis** of **Virgin Steele** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'No Turning Back'**, **'Light In The Dark'**, **'Fire And Rain'**, **'Call Of The Wild'** and **'Road Warrior'**.

Side Two: **'Prelude In C Minor'**, **'Evil Never Sleeps'**, **'Path Of Destruction'**, **'M1'**, **'Avenging Angel'**, **'Run For Your Life'** and **'Coda'**.

The band's line-up is **Jack Starr** (guitar), **Mike Terrelli** (lead vocals), **Mark Edwards** (drums – previously with **Steeler**) and **Thumper** (bass).



■ ***MAX & THE BROADWAY METAL CHOIR**, featuring 'legendary' and 'slightly' eccentric lead vocalist **Max Gelt** (pictured above in sensitive pose), have signed a deal with* Powerstation Records *and issue their debut, near-concept album on June 4. Titled '. . . **And God Gave Us Max** . . .' it was produced by Max with guitarist **Jan Cyrka** and **Dave King**/engineered by **Will Reid Dick** at* E-Zee Studios/Music Works *in London. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Rockin' Till I'm 50'**, **'Wee Baad!!!'**, **'Short End Of The Stick'**, **'Sex Ain't Dirty'** and **'Brand New Truck'**.*

Side Two: ***'Gimme A Deal!'**, **'The Placebo Effect'**, **'Ag Ag Ag Ag Aggravation'**, **'Telephone Junkie'** and **'Almighty Dollar'**.*

*Aside from Max and Cyrka, the album also features **Gillian O'Donovan/Suzie O'List** (backing vocals/pheremones), **Kevin 'Skidz' Riddles,** (bass/backing vocals), **Steve Beltz** (guitar), **Kevin Fitzpatrick** (keyboards/backing vocals), **Andy Bierne** (drums), plus guests **Pete Jupp** (drums/backing vocals), **Didge Digital** (keyboards), **Merv Goldsworthy/Chris** and **Steve Overland** (backing vocals).*

■ *CASTLE COMMUNICATIONS RECORDS* have just released **'Metal Killers Kollection Volume II'**. This is a compilation album featuring tracks from **Black Sabbath, Hanoi Rocks, Twisted Sister, Waysted, Accept, Witchfinder General, Di'Anno,** the **Rods, Rogue Male, Alaska, Smashed Gladys, Hell's Bells, Starz, Warfare, Raven, Sabu, Twelfth Night, Reckless, Fist, Mama's Boys,** the **Godz, Teaze, Tysondog** and **Jim Dandy's Black Oak Arkansas.**

■ **THE CHURCH** have issued their latest album, **'Heyday'**, through the *Parlophone* label in the UK. For full details see *Kutz Newz* issue 114.

■ *POWERSTATION RECORDS* issue albums from **Tyrant** (**'Fight For Your Life'**), **Vectom** (**'Speed Revolution'**) and **Killer** (**'Young Blood'**) during early June.

■ **GENE LOVES JEZEBEL** have just issued a new single through the *Beggars Banquet* label. Titled **'Heartache'**, it was produced by **Gary Lyons** with **Mark Dearnley** and mixed by Dearnley/**Michael Aston**.

The band will be appearing at *Camden Electric Ballroom* on June 12. Tickets are priced at £4.

■ **GRIFFIN** HAVE just released their debut album, **'Flight Of The Griffin'**, through the *Steamhammer* label in Europe. For review see issue 91.

■ CANADIAN ACT **Deaf Dealer** issue their debut album, **'Keeper Of The Flame'**, through the *Steamhammer* label in Europe at the end of May.

SIMPLE MINDS will now play dates at Glasgow Ibrox Park June 6 and Milton Keynes Bowl 22. The bill for the latter show will also feature the **Waterboys** and **Doctor And The Medics.**

Tickets for the Milton Keynes concert can be obtained by post from: **MCP Ltd, PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall, W. Mids WS9 8XX.** They are priced at £12.50 plus a 30p booking fee. An SAE must be enclosed and all postal orders (no cheques will accepted) should be made out to **'MCP Ltd'**. A credit card hotline is also in operation on: **01-741 8989.**

Tickets can also be obtained at various box offices and agents across the country.

ROD STEWART plays his first UK date in three years when he appears at Wembley Stadium on July 5. The show commences at 4 pm, with the gates opening two hours earlier.

Tickets are priced at £14.50p plus a 50p booking fee, and can be obtained by post from: **Rod Stewart Wembley Tickets, CP Box Office, PO Box 1AS, London W1A 1AS.** An SAE must be enclosed and all cheques/POs made payable to **'CP Box Office'**. Two credit card hotlines have also been set up. These are: **01 240 0771/01 439 3371.**

Feargal Sharkey and the **Blow Monkeys** will be the support acts.

ERIC CLAPTON, PHIL COLLINS, BIG COUNTRY, MARK KNOPFLER, STATUS QUO and **TINA TURNER** are among those artists set to appear at Wembley Arena on June 20 to celebrate the tenth anniversary of The Prince's Trust.

The event will take place in the presence of the **Prince** and **Princess Of Wales** and tickets are priced at £25.50/£15.50, which includes a donation and booking fee. These are available by post from: **The Birthday Party, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ.** All cheques/POs must be made payable to **'The Prince's Trust'** and an SAE should also be enclosed. A *maximum* of four tickets *per* person will be sold.

***WRATHCHILD** (vocalist **Rocky Shades** above) play dates at Wolverhampton Scruples June 5, Stoke-On-Trent BRAS Club 6, Burton-On-Trent Central Park Club 7, Rochdale Tiffs 19, Letchworth Plinston Hall July 5.*

ZENO are currently supporting **Black Sabbath** on their UK tour, the remaining dates for which are: Birmingham Odeon May 25, Bristol Hippodrome 26, Leicester De Montfort Hall 27, Edinburgh Playhouse 29, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne City Hall 30, Hammersmith Odeon June 1/2. Poole Arts Centre 3, Nottingham Royal Centre 4.

The band will also be appearing with **Queen** at Newcastle-Upon-Tyne St. James Park on July 9. The bill also includes **Status Quo.**

SAVAGE play Walthamstow Royal Standard on May 30.

THE DEBBIE BONHAM BAND , THE BURNING, VIRGIL SPLIT, FEEDBACK, WOLFSBANE and **THE RED LETTERS** play a special charity show in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of Amnesty International at the Birmingham Portland Club on August 23.

THE MACC LADS will be appearing at Fulham Greyhound May 25 (with **Pet Hate**), Brighton Old Vic 26, Burton-On-Trent Central Park Club June 1, Beeston Charley's Boon 3, Birkenhead Stairways 5, Nottingham Mardi Gras 16, Penzance Demelza's 24.

GLASGOW play dates at Ayr Pavilion May 30, Lanark Memorial Hall 31, Balloch Flamingo's June 5, Falkirk Burns Bar 22, Wishaw Heathery Bar July 19, Edinburgh Jailhouse August 1, Edzell US Base 8.

The quartet have just recorded a new demo tape.

WARFARE play dates at Sheffield Carousel Bar June 6 (supported by **Zander Zan**), Sheffield Carousel Open Air Festival 21 (a charity show), Leeds Adam & Eves 25 (supported by **Ardkore** and American act **Scream**; this is a Thrash/Speedcore Fan Club party).

The trio begin work on their fourth album, **'MFM Hardcore '87'**, at *Woodland Studios* in Castleford in early July. It's expected that this LP will feature 13 tracks and is to be put out through *Neat* during the Autumn.

GRAN TORINO, a quartet from Liverpool, play dates at Bootle Fire Station May 27 (with **Engine**), Warrington Lion Hotel 31, Liverpool Mardi Gras June 7, Bootle Fire Station 17, Crewe Cheshire Cheese 20, Runcorn Cherry Tree 26.

The band's line-up is **Stuart Fox** (lead vocals), **Brian Dixon** (drums), **Steve Perry** (bass) and **Colin Guthrie** (lead guitar).

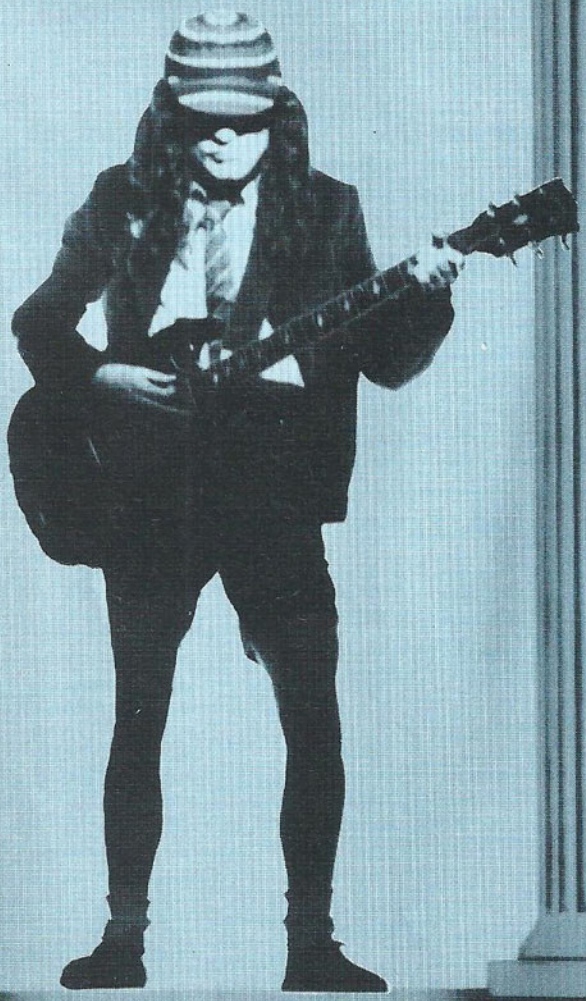
MOURNBLADE play dates at Shepherds Bush The Wellington June 12, High Wycombe Nags Head 14, Kempton Park Mag Rally 27.

FEAR OF DARKNESS will be appearing at St. Albans College Of Art June 5, Weymouth Verdi's 6, Coventry Pilgrim Club July 1. The band have cancelled their scheduled show at Oxford Penny Farthing on May 31 as the venue is due to close.

SEDUCER will be appearing at Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's June 2, Leeds Adam & Eves 5, York Lynx 6, Retford Porterhouse 14, East Sheen The Bull 20.

AC/DC

New LP & Cassette



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ATLANTIC

GINA STILE GAIL KENNY ROULETTE

LIVING DOLLS

Why hasn't there been an internationally successful all-female hard rock outfit? A gal group to take up where The Runaways, Rock Goddess, Girlschool and their ilk seem to have left off? DANTE BONUTTO attempts an explanation, going on to state the case for POISON DOLLYS, four Long Island lovelies who (all cheap sexist puns aside) may well have it in them to go all the way . . .

'Tough, well produced hard rock debut for four sultry metalettes' –
Billboard, February 1 1986

'A winning combination of catchy melodies and heavy rhythms' –
Metallion, Vol 2 No 10

'I'd certainly like to get bassist Mef Manning up against the wall!'
– Xavier Russell, *Kerrang!* 118

'Leather bras, etc' –
Shades Records ad, *Kerrang!* 116

WHAT GIVES? The staff at Shades are all of a tremble, *Metallion*'s making with the full colour pics and, no, it can't be true . . . what? It *is!* Xavier's taking down his pin-up pics of Rosy Vista bassist Guinness Hellmann and adorning the ramparts of Bourbon Towers with something long and cool and dusky and blonde . . . and absolutely no relation to 'our Bernard'. Even the good folk at *Billboard* are gettin' in on the act – the act in question being Poison Dollys, four *bella donnas* from the basements of Long Island whose debut, self-titled LP is currently available on the New York-based *Invasion* label. I'm not sure about Long Island being the *'Liverpool of latterday'*, as the band's biog claims, but its description of the Dollys as an *'Extremely flammable mixture of talent and raw rock energy'* is harder to argue with.

Take a squint at the sleeve of the album and you will indeed see a couple of 'leather bras', nicely packed and correctly positioned (I'm not too sure where the *'etc'* comes in), but let's get one thing cleared up here and now . . . Poison Dollys are not the US equivalent of Oral – nor the *female* equivalent of Oral, for that matter! One man's meat . . .? No Way. You can cut out the heavy breathing right now, cos whilst these Dolly birds are clearly fine-feathered, easily passing Pete 'Big In Belgium' Kronin's 'two hard-boiled eggs in a handkerchief' test (see centrespread *Kerrang!* 118), they're also nicely stacked – in the *Marshall* sense of the term.

Yeah, the ten tracks on the album – nine originals, one cover – are generally impressive, making it quite clear that these aren't just pretty faces hoping to get by on see-through novelty appeal. No way, your honour. Mef Manning (bass), Gina Stile (guitar, a *Kramer* endorsee), Roulette (lead vocals) and latest recruit Gail Kenny (drums), all aged between 19 and 22, are serious musicians, capable of penning their own songs and delivering them to a high standard. True, an awful lot of bands of the opposite gender – yeah, that's right, the ones with the long hair and make-up! – have no trouble doing precisely the same. But without wishing to sound in any way patronising or chauvinistic, I have to say that these qualities are often far from the surface whenever all hands on the helm are attached to female bodies – levver bras or not!

On the whole, the combination of female vocalist/male backing band is more likely to produce acceptable results. Lita Ford, Pat Benatar, Fiona, Lee Aaron, Doro Pesch (Warlock), all acquit themselves well upfront, leaving men, and men *only*, to let loose with the rhythm. Lita may be minus a record deal at present, but give the girl a guitar and chances are she'll, well, play it, and proficiently too; pass it onto Nancy Wilson (Heart) and you'll get more of the same, the Seattle five-piece mixing up the genders to create a winning formula. But when the line-up is *all*-female . . . well, passing

KONTINUEZ PAGE 26

MEF MANNING
"I'd been playing with other bands previously, male bands, but there was always a love interest or a crush and it never worked out"
Pix Ebet Roberts

DOLLYS

FROM PAGE 24

swiftly over the Bangles, a long way from Heavy Metal or hard rock, what does that leave? Pass? I thought so, which brings us nicely onto the Lee/Bonutto 'no balls' theory Mk I, first referred to way back in *Kerrang!* 64 but mentioned as recently as issue 115.

THE SCENE is this. I'm prowling the streets of Manhattan with Ozzy guitarist Jake E. Lee and it isn't warm – sub-zero, in fact. It's six in the morning and in best Hunter S Thompson fashion I've got a deadline tapping me on the shoulder and no story to submit. In a matter of hours I will have to catch a plane back to London to write my piece – my *front cover* piece – on the thoughts of Chairman Ozzy, but the man in question has long since retired to a warm hotel room having graphically re-enacted the death of Elvis P. and sadly little else (according to Ozzy, Elvis 'shuffled off' while taking a krap, in his opinion not a bad way to go). So I'm stranded, high, dry and *very* cold . . . Er, Jake, it's not that early really, how d'yer fancy a cup o' coffee and a blueberry muffin on *Kerrang!?* Come for a chat and I won't mention that you used to be in a band called Sexist . . . well, I won't mention it *again*, anyway . . . deal?

Don't ask me what brought it on, lack of sleep, lack of sense, or just great minds in tune, but once we'd descended on a nearby hostelry it was women in rock who instantly occupied both our thoughts, the famed Lee/Bonutto theory taking shape as a result. You've heard of Einstein and Newton, right? The big boys of the theory world. Well, forget about them cos what we have here is something far more important. Relativity? Gravity? Pah! I'd like to see what Albert and Sir Isaac would have come up with when faced with this problem: namely, why isn't there or hasn't there been a genuinely (as in internationally) successful all-female hard rock outfit?

The Runaways (pacemakers for a time), Girlschool, Rock Goddess, She (RIP), Sleek (now mixed in blood), Precious Metal, Oral (plueeze!), all enjoyed, or have enjoyed, varying degrees of success, yet none have so far grappled with the globe and come away as winners. Girlschool had a chance, Rock Goddess seemed a likely bet, She sparked briefly, you know the story, it's as old and predictable as Francis Rossi's legwear. But why does it always have to be this way? Well, Jake and I, having decimated the *Kerrang!* budget with a second cup of coffee, agreed that it had something to do with aggression – or rather lack of it . . .

Take a look at the world of heavy rock. A close look. From imagery right through to performance the message is delivered with a clenched fist and a screwed-up stare. None of it's real, of course, just the harmless working out of latent fear and aggression (for both band *and* audience), but the intensity and drive required to open up this safety valve can more readily be found in the male of the species . . . more Tarzen than Jane, you might say. I mean, can you imagine a female version of Metallica?! Difficult, eh? Though it has been said that Big M bassist Cliff Burton transcends normal male/female distinctions by answering to the name of 'It'.

SO WHERE does this leave us? Well, for one thing it leaves us with a pretty yawning gap between male and female rockers – hence the oft used, always sorry expression that 'yeah, they're pretty good – for *gurls!*' I'm sure you've heard that one before, I certainly have, though at long, long last I can see a chink of light at the end of the tunnel; an all-female troupe who can match the men blow for blow in terms of musicianship and songwriting. *Poison Dollys.*

Of course, being women they have certain added, occasionally leather-bound extras likely to catch the eye of HM's predominantly male audience. They aren't afraid or ashamed of the fact – they know they're attractive and they know that gives them an edge – but they also know how to write a good song and how to sing and play it as well, making the *double entendre*/single braincell approach of Oral seem like a very bad joke indeed.

Or perhaps that's making too light of the matter. It's all very well dismissing Oral as harmless rubber blow-ups, all tits and bum(notes), but are they? Surely there's enough prejudice against female groups already without Monica and Co coming along (in leather bras, admittedly) and making it all the harder, confirming beliefs that the record-buying public may be only too willing to accept.

Mötley Crüe, Ratt, Dave Lee Roth and, perhaps less wittingly, Bon Jovi, all have a clear animal attraction which is very much part an' parcel of their approach, yet that doesn't stop them being lauded for their musical talents too; when the Crüe laughingly refer to themselves as 'sluts' and 'whores' it simply serves to enhance their appeal, but with women . . .? As soon as they start talking or dressing provocatively (leather bras, *etc*), the immediate assumption is that it's a way of disguising an

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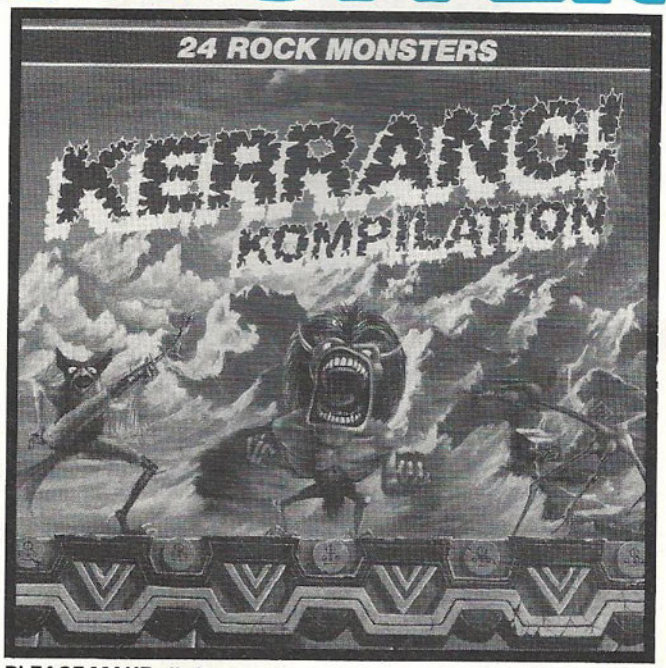

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innate lack of talent.

It's a problem, one that Poison Dollys are well aware of, though they have a fairly simple, straightforward way of converting suspicion into instant respect . . . they just go out onstage and play. Good, eh?

POISON DOLLYS have been in existence for some three years now, coaxed into life by 21-year-old bassist Mef Manning; she'd been playing with other bands previously, *male* bands, but "there was always a love interest or a crush and it never worked out. So I decided to try and do the impossible and find other female musicians . . ."

Enter Gina, Roulette (in skin-tight blue spandex body suit!) and original drummer Julie Grockie, now out of the group and on her way to becoming a nun. A *nun?!* That's what I was told . . .

"She was a good drummer," says Gina, "but she didn't have the 'head' for it; she was more of a jazz musician, and didn't really want to play rock 'n' roll. She was tagging along, I guess."

It seems that Gail Kenny, the oldest Dolly at 22, first auditioned for the band back in the early days, but being already involved with another project at the time it wasn't until some three years later that she finally joined up, going straight into rehearsals and from there into the studio to lay down the drum tracks for the album.

Mef cites the arrival of Gail as one of two crucial happenings in the group's history, the other being a number of arena shows opening the bill for a re-united back-in-the-saddle Aerosmith on the US East Coast. At the invitation Of Aero mainmen Tyler and Perry, they played with the band at their '84/'85 New Year's Eve show at Boston's *Orpheum Theatre*, getting such a good response that they were invited to support on another show in Boston and five more along the coast, including an appearance in front of 16,000 'Smith supporters in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sure, the girls have shared the spotlight with a number of other 'name' acts (Blue Oyster Cult, Autograph, Nazereth, Motörhead, Girlschool, Foghat, Jon Butcher Axis, Talas, *etc*), getting as far afield as Ohio, Detroit, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, but it was the support slot with the Winged Wonders that meant the most, enabling them to shrug off the stifling 'bar band' tag. An offer from *Invasion Records* followed (and why not?), and with Gail now beefing things up in the drum department, the girls entered *Minot Studio* in White Plains, New York, to record an EP . . . well, that was the intention anyway, but the band worked so quickly that they soon had nine songs complete, adding the ballad 'Nobody's Home' to complete a full album's worth of material.

Result: 'Poison Dollys'. Certainly one of the best first efforts of '85, with 'Keeper Of The Faith' (Judas Priest in petticoats), the aforementioned 'Nobody's Home' (eight-track Kate Bush) and 'Love Is For Suckers' (the sole cover version, written by Markey Carter and heavied up considerably here) the standout tracks.

THE FOUR have recently been out on a month-long tour that has taken them, amongst other places, to the wilds of Texas, Kansas and Illinois, new ground for the band; now they're itching to return to the studio to start work on a second album which they're determined to make more representative of their live sound – when they hit the stage they look more rock 'n' roll than high fashion and play more like muthas than models. Get the picture?

With both time and money at a premium, the girls had no chance to stretch out with their first LP, no opportunity to strengthen the sound or soothe it with keyboards, but come the follow-up they'd very much like to work with a recognised hard rock producer, someone of the calibre of Tom Werman or Beau Hill, an experienced craftsman capable of capturing their live spark on vinyl. So far, Gina, Mef and Roulette have about 20 new numbers all dressed up and ready to roll, songs like 'Here & Now' and 'Down On Your Knees', some already getting a fair shake in the live set, and if all goes to plan they might well record an Alice Cooper cover for the next album, which I wouldn't be surprised to see hitting the racks on a major label. Sorry *Invasion*, but business is business and class is class . . .

Certainly, the popularity of the band seems to be on the up and up, with fan mail arriving on a regular basis (some of it from the UK) and the album picking up a healthy amount of airplay on college/hard rock radio stations. No more part-time work either; in the past, the girls have turned their collective hand to everything from assistant chemist to substitute teacher in an effort to keep the Poison vessel afloat, but those dues would now seem to be paid. Well an' truly. Time to turn the attention to videos and posters (in the pipeline, apparently), to major tours and major deals, that kind of thing . . . perhaps even a UK release for the album . . . on their own *Leather Bra* label, of course! (Just joking!)

FROM MAY 30TH

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FILMZ!

'CRIMEWAVE' (PG)

THE LATEST masterpiece from director Sam Raimi – the man behind 'Evil Dead', the film that gave you whole new uses for sharpened pencils and more gore in an hour-and-a-half than a Chelsea v. Millwall game – surprisingly owes less to 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' than 'Tom And Jerry'. Or 'Ghostbusters'. Or even (*gulp!*) *The Beano*. It's a great, big garish slice of silliness come to life. Not all that surprising when you consider Sam's a rabid comic-book collector.

He also knows a thing or two about the old *film noir genre*, only adding his own special twist: instead of brooding black-and-white darkness it's neon-lit, dayglo, cartoon colour.

The ageing head of a security firm, with an impossible wife, who wants to off his partner hires a couple of exterminators – literally; they operate from a rat-catcher's van with a giant, stuffed, red-eyed rodent on the top that brings warmth to every animal-lover's heart. A dorky-but-nice employee gets caught up in the killing, there's a damsel in distress tossed in for luck plus lots of daft chase scenes that would probably keep you on the edge of your seat, only you keep falling off with laughter.

The funniest thing to have come out of Detroit, I'd say, since the last Ted Nugent album, Worth a visit.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'FRIGHT NIGHT' (18)

CHARLIE IS doing his best to make out with his girlfriend, Amy. She's the type who seems to think erogenous zones are somewhere you can't park till after 6pm. He's not much brighter. Just as his gal looks like relenting, our teenage superdork jumps up, grabs some binoculars and ogles his next-door neighbour's window – yeah, it's all happening next door: coffins, naked girls and a swarthy bloke with a severe attack of Dee Snider teeth.

Some people have all the luck; I live next to a couple of disco fans and three thousand screaming children. Charlie's new neighbour is a fully-qualified-certificate-carrying-blue-eyed-blood-sucking *vampire*.

When the cops start looking for whoever's been offing all the sweet young things in the neighbourhood, Charlie blows the gaff on the Drac-next-door, but of course they *don't believe him*. Don't they realise that someone who looks like Charlie and has a girlfriend like Amy hasn't got the *imagination* to lie?

Anyway, Charlie's left to battle Freddie Mercury-mouth with a handful of crucifixes and garlic (supplied by his Dicksonian little pal, Evil, the best actor in the film and a boy with a future; no doubt starting with 'Fright Night II'. . .) and the reluctant help of horror-prog TV host Peter Vincent (played by Roddy McDowell).

Very much in the 'American Werewolf In London' mode, the best bits of 'Fright Night' are saved 'til the end and shoved in your face, gloriously nasty special-effect-after-special-effect, star prize going to Evil's nice little metamorphosis.

Otherwise, it's all a bit calculated, just so much glamour, so much sex and so many screams *per* square inch.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'CREEPERS' (18)

'CREEPERS' IS a spaghetti-horror by Italian director Dario Argento, who has had a hand in many a macabre movie; he directed the classic 'Suspiria' to name just one and co-wrote George A. Romero's 'Dawn Of The Dead'. His next film is to be a zombie story called 'Demons' and according to the press release, his trademarks are '*spasmodic moments of unbearable tension, brutal crimes enacted in graphic detail, excessive bloodshed and horrifying climaxes*'.

This film, though, is a big '*Hammer Horror*', in that the plot is thin and unimaginative and the action predictable. However, it achieves its goal, which is to terrify, sicken and make you jump right out of your bloody seat.

The soundtrack is excellent, adding a good deal to the atmosphere, particularly Iron Maiden's 'Flash Of The Blade', an apt title considering the story is about an homicidal lunatic who wields a nasty-looking blade to great effect; this toon is played at moments of mounting tension and terror! There is also a track from Motörhead, 'Locomotive', which doesn't fit the tempo or the story, and sticks out like a sore limb (of which there are many throughout the film!). The soundtrack (on *Heavy Metal Worldwide* – see review issue 115) also features Frankie Goes To Hollywood and Andi Sex Gang.

The plot is, of course, basic gratuitous violence, with the sex quotient satisfied by all the victims being pubescent girls who are chased through the night dressed only in their nighties. Donald Pleasance, in his usual menacing style, plays an eccentric entomologist who befriends Jennifer (Jennifer Connelly) and discovers that she has telepathic contact with insects. "It is perfectly *normal* for insects to be telepathic, my dear," he says in his most leering Transylvanian tone, and puts her onto the trail of the killer with the help of a couple of flies and a few grubs!

There is also a mumbling detective who is no help whatsoever in apprehending the killer, and a 'Mrs. Igor' type who, as we discover towards the end of the film, is the psychopath's mother. In one swift breath 'Mrs. Igor' reveals all: the hideously-deformed killer was fathered by a lunatic inmate of an asylum who raped her and, though deformed and grotesquely preoccupied with bits of young girls' dead bodies, she has to protect him because she is his mother . . . aah!

SARA SAIGON

'THE STUFF' (15)

HAVEN'T SEEN this much mess in a moviehouse since the time I dissected a hotdog during the intermission.

'The Stuff' after which this little gem is named is a kind of School Dinner Semolina-From-Outer-Space that gloops up through a hole in the ground, gets packaged by a couple of capitalist types, tastes better than an ice-cream cone in Hell and is more addictive than 'Eastenders' – creating a nation full of gloop-junkies who don't seem to care too much that the stuff seems to be eating *them*.

The only people who can save America from this gunge take-over are a little boy who happened to catch the stuff moving around in the fridge, an industrial spy who's been employed by a rival company to discover how to make it, the woman who advertises it . . . and a right-wing Nugent-style army who think the whole thing's a Communist plot!

Wacky stuff! But all a little bit too self-conscious for my taste, trying too hard to be funny and shocking and all those good horror-*genre* things. There's a big tip of the hat to 'The Blob', lesser ones to 'Alien' and 'Nightmare On Elm Street' in a motel scene and these result in a loss of innocence, making this not the classic it ought to be.

Still, see it for the special vomit effects, especially the bit where the stuff 'vacates' a character called Chocolate Chip Charlie in the radio station, leaving him with a bigger mouth than Kevin Dubrow!

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'HOUSE' (15)

'HOUSE' ISN'T scary; now the prospect of a Styx reunion, *that's* scary. But this film does have a couple of decent monsters – a flying pterodactyl-thingy that shoots a mean rifle, and a fat, flabby, over-made-up blimp that looks like a zombie Meat Loaf let loose in Mötley Crüe's make-up bag. These, and five other moderate nasties, lurk in the bowels of a rather fetching old Victorian house in California, where horror-book writer Roger Kobb (played by William Katt, the good guy in 'Carrie') has gone to escape from some horrible experiences (the disappearance of his little son, the suicide of his artist aunt, and the separation from his famous actress-wife – played by the anorexic Kay Lenz, who never acts better in this movie than when she's playing the 50-stone witch-blob who refuses to get – er – *cut up* about their marital problems) and write a book about his Vietnam War experiences.

Fans of the *genre* will like it for its ludicrousness, those of a psychedelic nature might like it for its dreamlike quality at times, but don't expect it to frighten you. Be warned: the ending is one of the most accidentally-laughable moments in screen history since the finale of 'Virus'.

SYLVIE SIMMONS

'HOUSE': "Yoo-hoo, Avon kalling!"

BOOKS!

'GARY MOORE' by Chris Welch (Bobcat Books)

VISUALLY, THIS book is attractive, bound in a striking cover featuring an 'arty' photo of Gary caught in mid-guitar solo. However, a glance through the pages gives the impression of it being no more than a glorified tour programme.

The writing is concise and basically informative, and the descriptions are not over-blown with unnecessary glamorisation; a good deal of the small written content chronicles Moore's flittish comings and goings within bands and his stop/start approach to solo ventures.

The book is choc-a-bloc with photos, the majority of which are recent and usually have Gary brandishing his 'axe' in a typical guitar-hero pose. There is one classic pic of Thin Lizzy *circa* 1974, featuring Moore, drummer Brian Downey and Phil Lynott, all wearing tortuous-looking platform boots and, in Downey's case, the most amazing pair of flares.

Even if you don't buy the book take a sneaky look at it – it's beautifully nostalgic. The graphics throughout are interesting, but the GM logo is thrust before your eyes virtually every time you turn a page in brainwashing monotony.

The whole thing is backed by a 'selective discography', whatever that may mean. But though factually informative and well-written, the book is ultimately too brief; surely there must be MOORE to tell? SARA SAIGON

'THE CARS' by Philip Kamen and Peter Goddard (Sidgwick & Jackson)

I HAD to read this book twice in order to make sense of it and to confirm that I wasn't missing the point. I wasn't. Honest, the first read left me confused as to what the book or the Cars are about. After the second I knew the names of individual members, what they played – and precious little more.

The writing is unnecessarily histrionic, studied and wordy; just one long rant that is dull and uninformative. The epilogue boldly states, '*We're not here to create further mysteries, but to unravel some of them . . .*' If there *are* any mysteries, the book certainly does nothing to clear them up.

Philip Kamen's photos are excellent, especially those of the enigmatically photogenic Elliot Easton and Ric Ocasek. Every picture tells a story? Nah, these are stage shots, relaxation shots, nothing revealing.

The confusion is compounded by quotes from the band members who spend too much time deliberating whether the Cars are a *rock* or a *pop* band. Goddard's 'Americanisms' and the typing errors don't make it any easier to read, either. He also slips constantly into that annoying American habit of mixing two words together to form a new one which means nothing more than its original single components.

There are some hilarious press quotes, one from *The Los Angeles Times* describing Ocasek's style as '*nubbed-out lyrics of love*'. *Creem* magazine let fly with a classic that even Mick Wall would have difficulty writing with a straight face, saying that the Cars are '*at once* tres outre *and rootie kazootie accessible*'!

The book ends on a somewhat sour note from Dave Robinson (drums), who discusses the possibility of the band breaking up and of their already existent solo careers. Hardly a united front, but then this is hardly a credible book. SARA SAIGON

'HOW TO GET OFF DRUGS' by Mothner & Weitz (Penguin)

VERY FEW people are such purists that they don't take some drug or other, be it even tea or coffee. In fact, tea and coffee are stronger stimulants than most people give credence to and it is surprising to find that these co-authors – and editors of *Rolling Stone* – have not said more about them or even made more than a passing reference to the weed (tobacco) whose deleterious effects, particularly as a possible cause of cancer, are well enough tabulated.

In other respects however, this is a well thought-out book dealing extensively with opiates, amphetamines, alcohol, cannibis, tranks, sedatives and hallucinogens in separate chapters and could be of invaluable help to those who wish to kick a habit but don't want to embroil themselves with some quasi-charitable organ or government-sponsored agency, although, as a failsafe, these are listed in the appendix. CHRIS NEWBY

'NEUROMANCER' by William Gibson (Grafton)

ANY NOVEL that starts: '*The sky above the port was the colour of television, tuned to a dead channel*' is hardly going to be run-of-the-mill SF nonsense.

'Neuromancer' is William Gibson's first novel and it has already raked in three of SF's highest honours since its Stateside publication two years ago: a Hugo, a Nebula and the Philip K. Dick Award for a debut novel. The praise lavished on this book and its author are certainly deserved.

It's a gargantuan, epic voyage through the world of the all-too-imminent future where life comes cheap and easy and everything is controlled, constructed and changed by recourse to drugs or the micro-chip.

The 'hero', Case, is a near-junkie computer cowboy who is employed by the sinister Armitage and his bionically-enhanced assassin, Molly, to gate-crash the computer matrix of the huge *Tessier-Ashpool Corporation* and (I think) destroy the Artificial Intelligence therein called Neuromancer, aided and abetted all the while by a second AI called Wintermute, to which Case accesses by plugging *himself* into his computer. Basically weird stuff, OK?

It's all a little overpowering at times and not being too up with the jargon, some of it I found bewildering but it moves with such pace and verve you just have to run with it, like a latter-day Raymond Chandler novel. DAVE DICKSON

VIDZ!

'WENDY O. WILLIAMS LIVE' (Embassy)

BIG TITS, big tits, Bit tits rock.
Big tits, big tits, I have a hard c**k.
Big tits, big tits let's rock again.
Big tits, big tits . . . it's a bloody good video!
'KRUSHER JOULE

'COMBAT TOUR LIVE – THE ULTIMATE REVENGE' (Neat)

ARRIVING HOME in the wee small hours last Friday morning, hands tremblin', body shakin' and mouth agape following Celtic Frost's truly tremendous performance at the *Hammersmith Palais*, there was no way I could sleep, not with Death Grunts ringing in my ears and the Hate Riff to 'Procreation Of The Wicked' termite-burrowing through my *cochlea*. So, I slipped into my stackheel slippers and leopardskin dressing gown and settled down to wait for sunrise with a mug of cocoa, a *Marmite* sandwich . . . and this here '. . . Ultimate Revenge' video; a perfect way to loosen up 'n' relax after a wired 'n' wicked gig of *avant-garde* greatness.

This 'un, cheaply produced but nonetheless eminently watchable, features '*dukes of HM darkness*' Venom, Exodus and Slayer and is the story of April 3, 1985 when all three acts came together for a nauseating nite of noxious nihilism under the roof of New York's *Studio 54*.

Of the trio of bands, Exodus come across worst, appearing shambolic and amazingly limp-wristed for apparent '*leaders of the San Francisco Speed Metal scene*'.

On the other hand, I was surprised how much I enjoyed the Venom footage: I'd forgotten how downright *ugly* this band can be. Maybe it ain't all over for 'em, after all . . .

But, natch, Slayer are the best of this bruisin' bunch, spewing forth with four fabulous Blur Metal cuts plus a highly amusing interview.

Slayer are probably the best band on the face of the planet at this particular moment in time, and as the ferocious four-piece frashed through the likes of 'Chemical Warfare' and 'Hell Awaits' blood-red cracks started to appear on the edge of my TV screen and spread steadily, like pulsing varicose veins, towards the centre. Weird, I thought. Even weirder, that damn sun never *did* rise . . . GEOFF BARTON

GAMEON

SCI-FI FANS will soon be living out their Luke Skywalker fantasies, thanks to a thrilling new futuristic battle game called 'Photon'.

The latest word in high-tech teenage escapism, 'Photon' is really a 'Star Wars'-style knuckle between two teams, each of ten 'Photon warriors'. These come 'tooled up' with electronic helmets (that include high-frequency radio transmitters and receivers), phaser pistols that trigger sensors when they hit their targets, battery belts and vests with built-in computer chips to analyse their wearers' activities.

The object of the game is to fight your way across a 10,000 square-foot 'extraterrestrial territory', full of tunnels, battlements and catacombs, and capture the other team's base, 'disrupting' as many members of the opposing side with your phasers as you can.

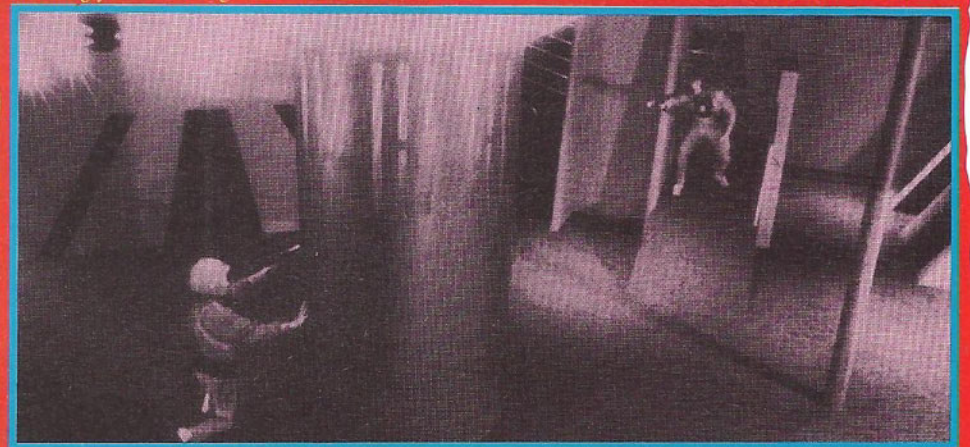
The game was dreamed up by a Texan inventor, amusingly called George A. Carter The Third.

Carter says he took about three years to perfect this radically new approach to 'participatory amusement', which effectively combines aspects of classic kids games like Cowboys and Indians with the atmosphere of 'Star Wars'-style movies plus the speed and skill challenges of the best electro-video computer games.

The first 'Photon' indoor arena was opened in Dallas back in 1984, complete with laser lights, smoke machines, and a throbbing futuristic soundtrack. Already 400,000 Americans have played there, and new 'Photon' arenas have just opened in New Jersey and Toronto.

Now 70 new centres are poised to open across the US by the end of '86, and the franchise holders expect the game to hit Britain by early '87. Carter openly admits, "*The film 'Tron' prefigured in an important way what we are doing with 'Photon'. By that I mean it gave cinematic expression to the idea that has no doubt occurred to almost everyone who has ever put a coin in an arcade electronic video game and watched as a cosmic light-and-sound show exploded on the screen . . . 'Wow, wouldn't it be something to crawl inside and get into the action?!'*"

Now, thanks to Carter and 'Photon', you can! BERTIE BINGO



'PHOTON' IN action . . or is it the backstage area at the Râmpânt Égös' last show?!

CITY HEAT

MALCOLM DOME slicks it up with heavyweight STYX guitarist turned solo artist JAMES YOUNG

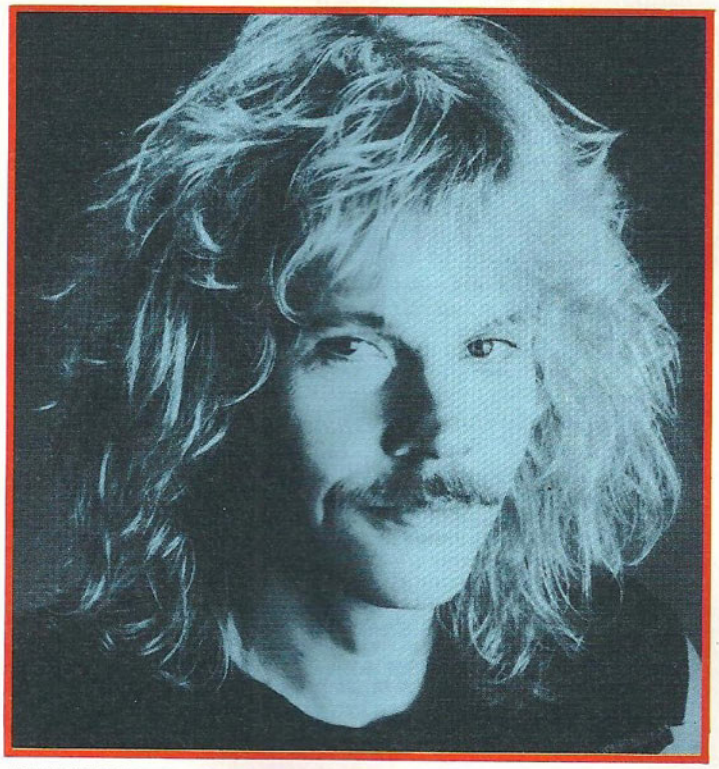
JAMES 'JY' YOUNG plays with Styx. Or perhaps it's more correct to state that he *used* to play guitar with Styx. Then again, maybe I should say that *if* Styx still exist then he's their guitarist. No, hang on a minute . . .

Hey, this is getting confusing. So let's have a word from the man himself concerning the Styx situation.

"Styx *are* a going concern and, despite rumours to the contrary, we *haven't* broken up. Creatively there have been constant disagreements within the ranks and we all needed a breathing space to do our own thing. But rest assured, Styx will return! I can't give you any timetable for the arrival of another album, but . . . well it took Yes and Deep Purple years to get back together and it hasn't done them any harm, right?"

In JY's case, 'doing his own thing' has led to the recent release of 'City Slicker', his first solo album. In the US this has been put out by the man's own label, *Absolute* (with distribution through *Passport*), whilst *FM* have just picked it up over here. In terms of company deals, one would have expected Young to follow the example of fellow Stygian rowers Denis De Young and Tommy Shaw and release solo product through the *A&M* organisation, but . . . James isn't about to don his woolly overcoat and go 'baaa' all the way to the sheep pen.

"No, I wouldn't dispute that most people expected me to put out 'City Slicker' through the *A&M* label, however they'd already committed themselves to Denis and Tommy so I'd have been in the position of trying to get a little elbow room for my record and competing against them in the same manner as Styx had to battle against the Frampton-mania at the company when we first signed in 1975. I wasn't prepared to do that so I believed it was better for me to look elsewhere. But people at record companies these days are so locked into the hit syndrome that they couldn't relate to my more challenging style, so I decided to set up my own company. And whilst I'm still learning about the business side of things, nonetheless I maintain that my way of doing things is slowly beginning to pay dividends. I'm certainly not intimidated by the business side of running my own label."



JAMES YOUNG: "Rest assured, Styx will return!"

YOUNG ALWAYS projected himself as the Heavy Metal element within the Styx flow of pomp rock and certainly this comes across amply on 'City Slicker', an album that, whilst it certainly doesn't have the instant appeal of Tommy Shaw's excellent 'Girls With Guns' opus (now two years old), nonetheless rewards any listener prepared to stick with the rather refreshing plastic. Aside from drawing on his own not inconsiderable skills in both production and musicianship capacities, Young also got in two rather heavyweight talents in the shape of former Whitesnake bassist Colin 'Bomber' Hodgkinson and the much-acclaimed Jan Hammer, who applies both keyboards *and* drum touches as well as exhibiting his production reflexes.

"I've admired Jan especially for ages, in particular I love the 'Spectrum' album he recorded with Billy Cobham and Tommy Bolin (released through the *Atlantic* label in 1973).

"My own guitar performances are generally good, I may not be Eddie Van Halen or Yngwie Malmsteen, but I'm capable of holding my own in most company, therefore I enjoyed working with such world-class musicians as these two. Jan in particular was a great help to me.

"I caught him just before 'Miami Vice' exploded which was a tremendous coup for me and I think he proves with 'City Slicker' that he's a rock 'n' roller at heart."

Reaction to the LP has been slow in picking up, but things seem to be coming together now for Young as he attempts to establish an identity away from the stadia-sized magic always associated with Styx.

"It's been hard persuading the media to give coverage to the album because it hasn't got instant accessibility and also because I haven't got the major label machinery behind me. But now, I'm slowly getting through to people and so far the reaction has been positive.

"What pleases me most about 'CS' is that I'm finally getting the chance to establish some instrumental credibility.

"On Styx albums it was always the overall sound that mattered and consequently my guitar playing never got as much attention as I'd have liked."

AND YOUNG isn't planning now to sit around awaiting the possible reunion of Styx; he's serious about this side of his career.

"I've already written about two-thirds of the next album and worked out suitable arrangements and I'll probably be working again with Jan and Colin. As for touring, well I doubt if anything'll happen on this front before the next album. Hard rock and Heavy Metal, which is where I stand, does inevitably come into its own onstage with the inherent power being given a chance to shine through, but to go out now would mean touring the clubs, which isn't my scene any more. If someone were to say to me, 'Go out and do some special guest slots with a major act' then I'd jump at the chance.

"Being realistic though, I'll probably be keen to do a second album (tentatively titled 'Out On A Day Pass'), release it later this year and then do some selected dates.

"When I do finally get on the road there might be selected Styx material in my set; 'Young Man' from 'Serpent Is Rising' could even be on the next LP! It would be re-done in a very heavy style because that's where my heart lies.

"To be honest, I love Heavy Metal and was never comfortable with the way Styx sounded over the past few albums. This was down to Denis taking a stronger hand in affairs and leading the band into territory he felt at home in, which didn't exactly suit me. The 'Kilroy Was Here' album took things just too far. We became too influenced by European and Japanese music and the LP did alienate many of our long-term fans. Any future album from Styx will, I assure you, offer a stronger dose of guitar-orientated heavy rock, more in keeping with our past. But that's in the distant future, right now it's my solo project that's got the highest priority."

As a longstanding fan of classic Stygian pomp 'n' effect, I applaud Young's promise of a return to the glorious days of 'Suite Madam Blue' *et al* (bring back producer Barry Mraz!) and, in the meantime, cop a load of the polished, pyromanic precision on offer from from 'City Slicker'.

It may not quite be in the mould of the truly great Styx opii of the past, but it's sure as damn it rather closer than anything recorded by members of the legion, either individually or collectively, since 'Pieces Of Eight'. Now, that's what I call cause for celebration!

A TOUCH TOO MUCH

MARK PUTTERFORD gets punch-drunk with Lancastrian tough nuts and 'Street Metal' fist-fighters TOUCHED

*'Don't f**k around, we got street cred.*
Hard rock 'n' roll is what we're fed!
Ain't no-one like us, we got street cred.
When we're out there we can knock 'em dead!
Hard rock 'n' roll is what we're fed!
Touched is our name and we're touched in the head!'
(**'Street Cred'**)

BOWLING INTO the boozer slightly later than planned, it didn't take long to locate the Touched mob. There they were in the corner, amidst the collar 'n' tie/*Campari* 'n' soda office prats, decked out in full Heavy Metal regalia and farting 'n' belching through a table load of beer.

Within minutes, singer Ronnie Wolstenholme has his false teeth out on the table and drummer Martin Schofield decides that the upper plate would be the ideal implement with which to scratch his itchy private parts, before plopping both sets into his pint and downing it in one.

Meanwhile, gorilla-sized guitarist Jon Hull is excitedly recalling the band's trail of punch-up's 'n' bird-pulls on the road and Mark Caffrey, Touched's hairy herbert of a bassist, is giving an analytical account of every pair of female buttocks that wobble past. Aahh, Thursday lunchtimes . . .

Touched, this three-year old loony Lancastrian lot, are in London to get drunk (. . . and to possibly talk about their new album, 'Death Row'). They claim their music to be '*Tough Metal from a tough group for a tough world . . . blasted in an iron foundry, forged in a Lancashire cotton town and hammered into shape on the street*' and, judging by the new album (see review, page 16), that description isn't far out. In simpler terms, they're grown-up street urchins playing Street Metal for street people.

"Yeah, that's what we are – Street Metal," proclaims Jon. "We're exactly the same as the people who're watching or listening to us, there's no difference whatsoever."

"That's right," Martin jumps in, "we don't think we're anything but four ordinary, hard-working guys who're out to play some Metal and give people a good night out."

"But we ain't 'alf had a rough time doing that," Ronnie adds, "cos for some reason people always want to have go at us. I mean, we had so much abuse thrown at us onstage during our last tour that now we've decided to do something about it.

"I DON'T know why," Ronnie continues, "but we always seem to be getting into scraps.

TOUCHED: "We've all been behind bars at some time or another – even our road crew!"

There was a gig at the *Warrington Lion* where I kept getting shouted at by some guy who thought he was a biker. Now, I'm up there onstage trying to entertain people, so I'm not gonna take s**t from guys like him. I mean, there was about 50 so-called bikers in the hall, and about three bikes outside! They're just *poseurs*, so I said, 'All you lot do is buy a tin of *Castrol GTX* and pour it all over yourselves to pretend your bikers'. . . and then it was like a fooking Western in there with fists flying all over the place! I got the guy who hassled me with my bat; y'see, I'm not a very big lad, but I've got a big bat and that's all that matters in those situations!"

But Ronnie hasn't always been on the favourable end of a bat – in fact, the reason he now has a mouthful of false teeth is that he found himself chewing on an iron bar one day after upsetting a couple of other lads. And the vicious vocalist has also found himself in hot water with Plod on more than one occasion.

"Yeah, I've been done for malicious wounding, aggravated assault and fook knows what else," he laughs, "and I've done time for it, too."

"In fact," Martin interjects, "the reason why we called the new LP 'Death Row' was because we've all been behind bars at some time or other – even our road crew! We must be mad, us lot!"

Mad maybe, but nice geezers all the same. Ronnie, Gawd bless 'im, even works for 'Age Concern', teaching old dears dance routines.

"Yeah, it was one of those schemes where they take you off the dole and give you £60 *per* week if you go and do something useful with yourself. So I started working with these old ladies teaching them stuff like the waltz, old-time Latin-American dances . . and I tell ya, I do a real mean foxtrot! One day, I'm gonna teach 'em to headbang, that's for sure!"

But, fighting, drinking and dancing (?) aside, it's music which fires the Touched team into life; *Heavy Metal* music. Unlike many bands, Touched don't shy away from the HM monicker – they're proudly and passionately in love with it – but they *do* hit out strongly at what they call 'False Metal'; a disease which they see as dragging the good name of Heavy Metal through the dirt.

"You know what False Metal is, Mark – people who can't play. Some guys spend ten years working hard on refining the art of playing guitar and other people (like Warfare, Whiplash *etc.*) just come along, plug in, make a fooking row – and get all the publicity!"

"We haven't sat in our bedrooms all our lives learning different chords," Martin emphasises, "but at least we can play our instruments. How the fook do bands like Venom get away with all that False Metal? What we're doing is at least real, well-played Heavy Metal."

ALTHOUGH I haven't been entirely complimentary in my remarks about Touched in the past, they're certainly leagues above the False Metal field. They're all good musicians, with more than ten years of experience each, they fit perfectly well together as a team, and the new 'Death Row' album marks a definite improvement in their material and performance. So lend an ear to 'Death Row', catch the band live on their current UK tour . . . and give the lads a chance.

STILL FREAKIN' OUT THE BRONX

UFO's *Hungary* years: the konclusion of DAVE DICKSON's epic sojourn behind the Iron Kurtain with the 'Baxter Brothers', 'Arnold' Palmer, Al Cove and a kast of thousands . .

BACK AT the hotel post-gig, guitarist Atomik Tommy is still feeling a trifle defused and retires to bed. Promoter Rob Hallett announces that he has had words with the owner of a local nightspot and has reserved an alcove especially for the band where, presumably, the drinks will flow with equal beneficence. Hallett, vocalist Phil Mogg, drummer Jim Simpson and UFO manager Neil Levine pile into a cab and steam off in search of the eternal party, Hungarian style. Keyboardist/guitarist Paul Raymond, Ray 'Arnold' Palmer and I are left in the hotel lobby to await the arrival of another late-night cabbie, John Taylor (*aka* basist Paul Gray) having vanished into the darkness. Johnny gone? Dear, dear Johnny!

As a cab is found and directions requested it occurs to the remaining Baxter Brother (see last issue for explanation!) that not only does he not know what this niterie is called, but he also has no idea where it is and everyone who DOES has already long gone in the first cab. However, with a racking of the brain he remembers it being placed in the vicinity of the *Hilton Hotel*. Figuring that Budapest can't exactly be overflowing with highlife, we head for the *Hilton* and chance our luck to a forgiving Fate.

Fate, however, declines to be that forgiving.

"Some heads are gonna roll!" declares Raymond as our taxi deposits us in some nameless no-man's-land, and he isn't talking Judas Priest songs! The subject of this ire is Neil Levine who, from this moment on, is renamed Al, as in the reputed but never discovered *Al Cove*!

Raymond, Arnold and I wander through the chill Budapest evening in search of the *Hilton Hotel*. Suddenly, we spot a large woman trailing a small, mangy dog of indeterminate heritage and Raymond, throwing caution to the wind, attempts some measure of communication.

"Uh, *Hilton Hotel, bitte*?" he asks in his best Accept accent.

"Ahh," the woman smiles as her mutt tries vainly to dismember Arnold's lower anatomy, licking its near-rabid chops in an unsettlingly distasteful fashion, "*sprechen sie Deutsch*?"

"Uhm, no." Raymond hangs his head. But at last we gain some directions.

Opposite the *Hilton is* a disco, but the bouncer is unimpressed by our protestations that we have an alcove booked. He demands about 30p entrance money. But there is a principle involved here. We retreat to the *Hilton* to discuss tactics. Eventually, we agree to fork over the money, finding ourselves in a densely-packed haven for the lowlife of Budapest. The women are outnumbered about three-to-one and there isn't an alcove or an Al Cove in sight. The men, tall, ugly and armed with looks that could sever arteries at a hundred paces, eye us suspiciously as we head for the bar. We decide that maybe getting a drink isn't such a smart idea. Let's run away.

Back at our hotel we clean out my mini-bar before heading our separate ways with the promise that heads are *definitely* gonna roll.

Bleary with sleep, I am woken by the sound of my telephone ringing. It's 10:30am, I'm suffering from severe lack of rest, and now Mogg's on the line.

"'Ere listen," he says, and I can hear the malevolence in his voice, "ring up Paul Gray and ask him if he wants to do an interview *now*."

Curiously enough, Paul Gray declines to do an interview.

"You've disturbed me at a very crucial moment," he scowls, still half asleep, down the phone, "I'm very upset with you!"

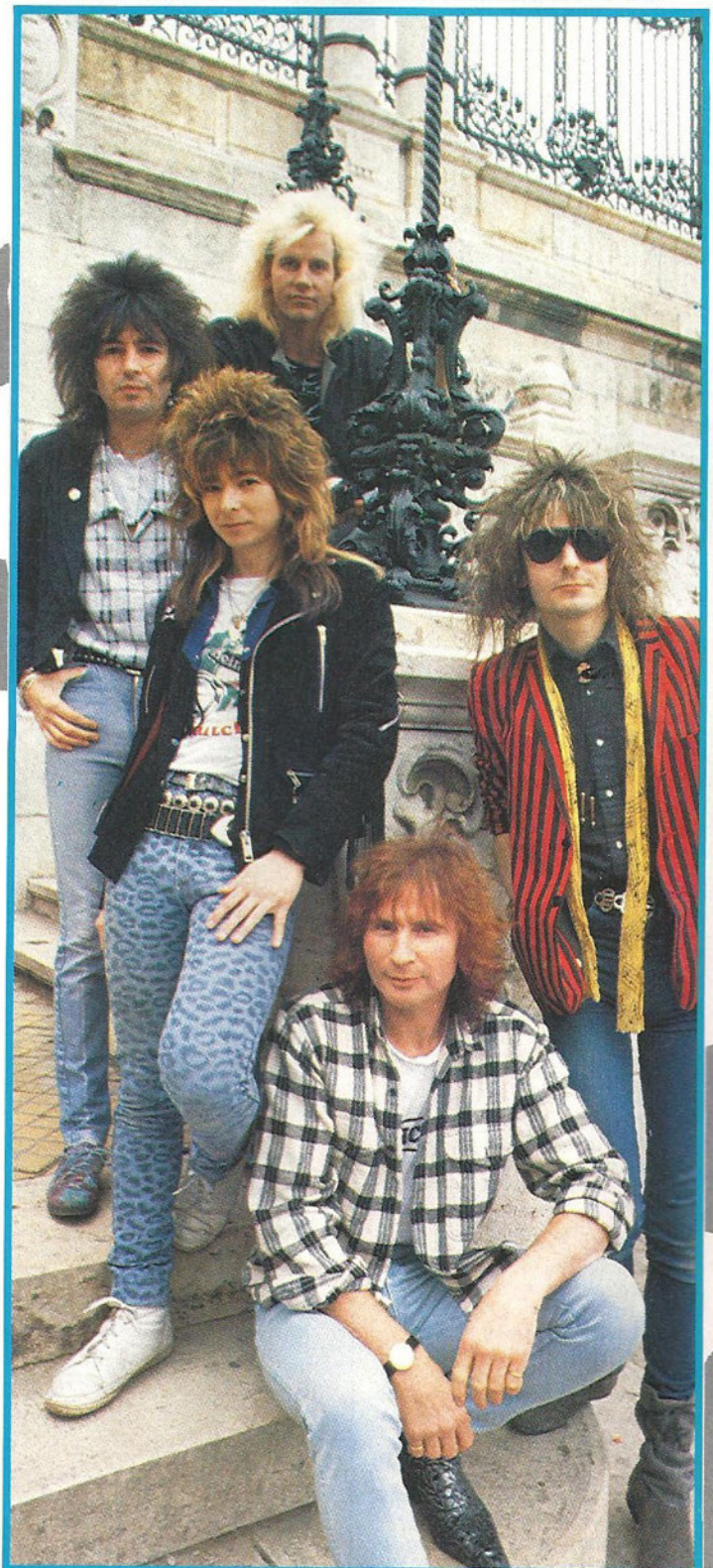
"Can I quote you on that?" I ask.

"No, not at all!"

Life was never this cruel in the Damned, although Paul Gray now claims to be an "ex-punk". He too has had his share of injuries and illness on this trip, and what with the destruction of his basses and the Mogg wind-ups he seems more an object for pity than victimisation. But I don't let a little thing like that dissuade me.

'March 13. Nuremberg.
Sexy Paul Gray is very sick. Another doctor arrives. Udo & Co are spotted goose-stepping in one number. 'Is part of ze act!' manager Gaby assures. This may be Nuremberg, fellas, but c'mon . . .'

'March 14. Munich.
Sexy Paul Gray and Paul Raymond both get the needle before the gig. Filled with penicillin that is. Never has 'Doctor, Doctor ple-ease' *been*



Pic 'Arnold' Palmer

UFO (from top): Jim Simpson, Paul Raymond, Atomik Tommy M, Paul Gray, Phil Mogg

sung with such conviction'
'March 15. Würzburg.
Paul Gray is staggered by the intricacies of the bass solo tonight. Judging by the audience reaction, the other three strings are unnecessary . . .'

BREAKFAST FAILS to arrive and feeling the worse for wear I retreat to the lobby to *rendezvous* with the band. Arnold wants to shoot some photos and I would quite like to garner some kind of an interview, *any* kind of an interview, really.

But Fate, yet again, is about to deal us a bum hand. The band's money has been stolen. Tour manager JJ has explored every possible avenue and turned up a blank. The police will have to be called in. Money, gone? Dear, dear money! JJ is hauled away by the police to explain the situation. When he returns an hour or so later the message from the cops is basically: "Tough s**t!"

"At least it's not like John Knowles," states Mogg, recalling a similar incident when the old UFO were still under the guiding hand of infamous tour manager *Knowlesy*. "He had all the gig money nicked cos he fell asleep with it while some girl was giving him head, huh-huh-huh, all the f**king money . . . he had to pay it back over the next year."

Aah, fond memories.

"But these things happen in rock 'n' roll, anything can be expected."

But some things still mildly surprise.

"Do you know what I discovered last night, and I thought about it again this morning? Do you know the song that went down best last night? Dr Feelgood doing 'Johnny B. Goode'!" Mogg shakes his head. "So we should come back in 20 years time, they'll have heard the album by then."

So tell me about the new UFO video, Phil? (The band's *Hammersmith Odeon* gig recorded last November).

"Which one?"

'Misdemeanor Live'.

"I haven't seen it," Mogg lies. I have.

"Huh-huh-huh," Mogg chuckles knowingly, indicating that this is not a fit subject for discussion. "Is this a bootleg one?" No, I tell, him, it's your *official* one. "We haven't got an official one," he disowns, "they're all bootlegs . . . unless it looks really good." But Jim looks good in it, I protest. "Yeah, he always does, that's why we've got him really."

If only Jim could get that stick-twirling-and-throwing-them-in-the-air bit right.

'March 15. Würzburg.
Only Jim Simpson could throw drumsticks in the air like Randy Castillo and then forget to catch them. Full marks, though, for getting our two 'favourite' Accept roadies on the head in the same night. Just as well it's the last*night.'*

SO NOW Arnold makes his play and I gamely attempt to arrange for two taxis to take UFO out for the photo-session. While we await the appearance of John Taylor (who has again disappeared, this time, perhaps, to touch up his make-up), Phil Mogg decides to turn the tables and ask the interviewer a question:

"Why is it you've been banned by more groups than any other journalist?"

"Cos I'm a complete and utter c**t, didn't anyone ever tell you?"

The pictures are shot as the band's mood turns slowly and increasingly more sour with the bracing Hungarian wind whipping hair out of place and chilling the bone. Arnold does his best to organise this rabble but is met with a barrage of Gielgud/Olivier impersonations for his pains. I try one last time as the prospect of a proper interview slips away into the realms of idle speculation and fleeting, hopeless memory.

"You've already ruined my day!" claims Mogg. "Huh-huh-huh, what d'you want?!"

What does it feel like to know that no-one in the audience understands what you're saying?

"It felt good. It's the first time in my life I've been able to sing a song and know that nobody knew what I'd been writing about! Huh-huh-huh! Whadd'you mean? No, the language problem is very difficult. But did you enjoy the show?"

"Yeah, I had a great time," I tell him, bringing him round before unleashing the put-down, "but then I didn't have to pay to get in!"

Mogg whistles a sharp intake of breath, chuckles and realises he's just been had.

Back at the hotel and Mogg buys a final, farewell round in the bar. The rest of the band retire to the tour bus where I say my 'goodbyes' and 'good lucks' and collect my belongings before rejoining Arnold inside. Suddenly, Mogg bounds up the steps into the bus. What's up, what's going on?

"Quick," he smirks, "we're doin' a runner!"

The UFO tour bus disappears into the Hungarian afternoon in search of more fruitful climes where the bromide need not be broken out.

"Yeah, we've been breakin' out the bromide on this trip," Mogg confessed as we crossed the river that afternoon.

"'Breakin' Out The Bromide', that'll make a great title for this piece!" I enthused.

"Don't you dare," retorted Mogg, "you'll make us sound like old men!"

Back in the bar Arnold is finishing his drink and preparing to leave.

"You paid our part of the bill?" he asks.

"Nah, let's do a runner."

So we do.

BY THE time you read this, UFO will have completed a further European jaunt supporting Twisted Sister, returned to these shores for a brief furlough and then jetted off (just) to far-flung corners of the USA. There they'll be playing a mixture of headline and support dates, and believe me, the Americans are in for a treat. This band are hot; all the bulls**t's gone out the window and the rejuvenation process has been completed.

Eating, drinking and killing, the Baxter Brothers are back in town, my friends, and this time they've even left the bromide at home!

KERRANG!
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SHORT

reviewed by PAUL HENDERSON

CHRIS REA: 'On The Beach' (Magnet)

I was hoping this would be a cover of Cliff Richard's rock 'n' roller, but no. It has George Benson-style guitar over the sort of 'Latin' feel that Steely Dan were capable of doing without sounding trite. It's halfway towards being a bosa-nova but never quite feels sure about going all the way to South America – it stops somewhere near Portsmouth.

The song tries hard to evoke the sadness of looking back to a Summer romance – sunshine, sand, sea and bonking – but doesn't come even close to succeeding. Don't like his voice either. Verdict: big hit.

JEAN BEAUVOIR: 'Feel The Heat' (Red Eye 12")

Ex-Plasmatics; a Little Steven Disciple and a multi-instrumentalist. It's the 'Frog' version of 'Jean', which means he's a *he* and not a *she*.

If Prince had been in the Power Station instead of Robert Palmer (or Robert Plant if you read the *Daily Express*) they might well have sounded a lot like this. Destined to be a dance-floor hit. Much, much too long but I'd probably enjoy the 7". (As the actress said to the bishop).

JIMMY BARNES: 'Working Class Man' (Geffen)

Nowhere near the best track from what is rather a good album. The former lead singer with Aussie band Cold Chisel has a helluva voice – ranging from Bob Seger, through Frankie Miller towards Graham Bonnet (only *towards*, I said) – and it's the voice that lifts this Jackson Browne-ish song well above what might otherwise have been a no-hoper.

Shades of Browne in the arrangement and – probably due to the involvement of Little Steven Van Zandt – also a touch of Springsteen. The great pity is that the 'B' side – 'Boys Cry Out For War' – isn't the 'A' side, which would have made it my single of the week. It's a much more forceful 'rocker' and is a far better indication of what the rest of the album has to offer.

FIONA: 'Living In A Boy's World' (Atlantic)

A track from her 'Beyond The Pale' album. It's a pleasant enough song but I'm surprised that the people at *Atlantic* consider it to be single material – a slow, meandering and, ultimately, aimless kinda toon. I'll probably get some stick from certain quarters of the *Kerrang!* crowd for saying so, but I can't see what all the fuss is about with Fiona. *Pretty*, sure; *very* pretty. But an average voice and an average song.

IQ: 'Intelligence Quotient' (Samurai)

Previously-unreleased tracks (and anyone with half-a-brain can see why) '. . . *recorded at the request of our fans for our fans*'. And from the sound of them, recorded at *least* ten years ago.

Very early Genesis cast-offs recorded on a *Walkman?* Hardly worth mentioning except for the fact that the 'A' side caused 'Krusher' to drag it off the deck and send it skimming across the carpet. And on hearing the 'B' side he upped and left. Hasn't come back yet!!

JIMMY BARNES: ex-Cold Chisel lead singer with a helluva voice

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: 'Heartache' (Beggars Banquet)

Punchy guitar line and a strong, engaging vocal. There's a repeated line in there that definitely reminds me of the Byrds' 'Eight Miles High'. Gets much better and more intriguing after a couple of spins and I'm going to have to join Dave Dickson in giving this band the thumbs-up. A bit of airplay and it could do *real* well. Hope so.

DIO: 'The Dio EP' (Vertigo)

A track from each of the three albums – 'Hungry For Heaven', 'Shame On The Night', and 'Egypt (The Chains Are On)' – and the previously-unreleased (in the UK) 'Hide In The Rainbow'. It's therefore an expensive purchase if you've got the albums.

Great voice, no doubt about it. But I've often felt that it's wasted on less-than-adequate songs. The only one you probably haven't heard – 'Hide In The Rainbow' – is actually rather dull. Doomy, a bit gloomy and melodically leaning a bit too much towards the 'wicked witch of the north' music you often hear in pantomimes.

Also available as a limited edition 10" pic disc.

JUDAS PRIEST: 'Locked In' (CBS)

Jesus! *Where* did they get that synthesiser? It sounds like something that was discontinued ten years ago. I've never been a fan of Priest, so for me to say that it's 'not bad' is more complimentary than it might seem – though I have heard them do better (a few of the other tracks on the 'Turbo' LP, for instance).

The tempo steams along, the musicianship is as good as you would expect from a band of their status and (like the whole album) it's superbly recorded – particularly the drums. It just lacks that 'sparkle', a bit of *excitement* that some of the other 'Turbo' tracks *do* have. In the end it comes down to the fact that it's a weak *song* – simple as that. Can't win 'em all, I suppose.

However, worth getting the 12" for the live versions of 'Desert Plains' and 'Freewheel Burning'. Now they *are* good.

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: 'Tuff Enuff' (Epic)

Put succinctly: the title track from what is simply the best album so far this year. An R 'n' B song performed in classic style by a band who do it better than anyone else. Lyrics with a sense of humour, as rock-solid a rhythm section as you'll find *anywhere* and a chance – right at the end – to hear guitarist Jimmie Vaughan 'tip his hat' to Freddie King.

GENESIS: 'Invisible Touch' (Charisma)

The 'problem' with this as a Genesis song is that it's more like a Phil Collins song. Even more so on the 12" than the 7" mix. Now that Genesis seem to have moved on (or perhaps taken a step sideways) those marvellous, moving Tony Banks melodies and chord changes that used to characterise their songs have, for the most part, been edged out of the running.

That's certainly the case with this track, and the only recognisable thing left is Phil's voice. The distinctive Collins drum sound has also been dropped in favour of the 'anonymous', ubiquitous synth. drums.

This single will probably be a disappointment to many (particularly pre-'Abacab' Genesis fans), though Phil's current mega-star status should ensure sufficient sales to chart.

BABY TUCKOO: 'Rock (Rock)' (Music For Nations 12")

Opening with some Spanish guitar over a salvo of crunching chords comes as a bit of a surprise, but has the definite effect of focussing your attention to see if it comes in again. It doesn't, unfortunately – I rather liked the somewhat bizzare juxtaposition.

A mid-tempo, powerhouse song featuring a tasty, brief and to-the-point guitar solo from Neil Saxton and, for a change in these often soul-less days, a vocalist who sings it like he *feels* it. Damn good singer is this boy; *damn* good. After a couple more listens I've decided it's a little drawn-out and that a more concise 7" version would probably hit the mark more accurately.

THE MISSION: 'Serpents Kiss' (Chapter 22)

A couple of ex-Sisters Of Mercy have come up with a very good, excellently structured song of which the vocal line is straight out of Siouxsie's book. So much so that it could easily have been written either for, or by, her. Moody, mildly malevolent, with a definite touch of class to it.

THE CHURCH: 'Tantalised' (Parlophone)

Aussie four-piece who *look* as though they probably listen to the Cult. Difficult to put a finger on just what it is about this song that makes it so damn *catchy*, but I dare say I'm going to end up really liking it.

A strangely modern-sounding branch of psychedelia, it belts along with the 'abandon' you get from the Long Ryders, but 'fired' with an irresistibly sing-along chorus.

MARILYN MARTIN: 'Night Moves' (Atlantic)

It's when you hear a song as well-written as this that you realise the inadequacies of much of the stuff that passes for a viable 'hit'.

Co-written by Martin, John Parr and John Astley, 'Night Moves' presents another, much more inspiring, side of the girl who teamed up with Phil Collins for 'Separate Lives' – though you'd be hard-pushed to recognise it as the same voice.

Great chord changes, powerful, raunchy vocal, guitar playing that will raise a few eyebrows and set a few heads nodding their appreciation . . . all-in-all a forceful invitation to take a listen to the album.

BELATED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

ANDREW (OLLY) Happy 23rd old Man! Lots of love, Brou (crazy chick) xxxxx

KLAUS MEINE – Alles Gute Zum Geburtstag, May 25th Wir Lieben Ecuh Scorpions.

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HI, Hows life, yes you guessed it the **PLUG** Ere and I'll see you all soon, so Bill look after baby, Eggy get your arse up my place, Seeya **PLUG.**

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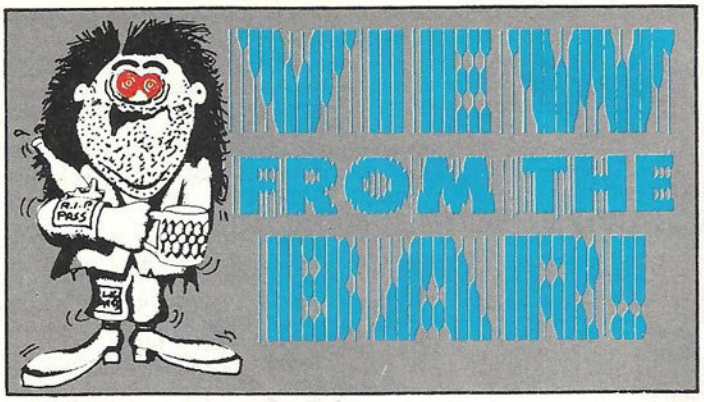
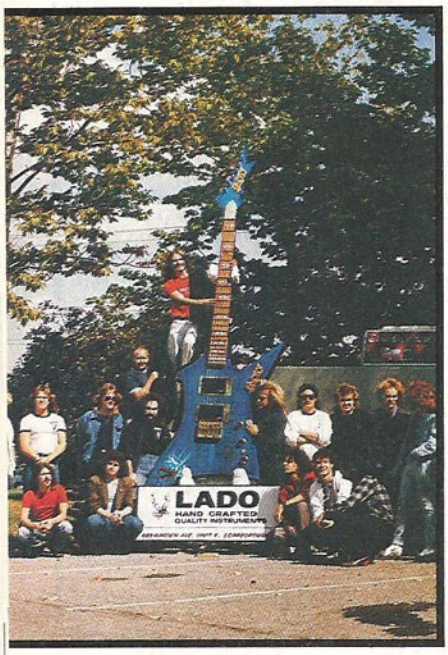




WHILST LIGGING, swigging 'n' gigging in Toronto, Canada, recently, beer-gutted *Kerrang!* scribbler **Mark Putterford** bumped into (literally!) the world's largest and most expensive guitar.

Standing at well over 14 feet tall, five feet three inches wide and six inches thick, it weighs 400 pounds, boasts one-and-a-half gallons of glue, six coats of sealer, ten coats of candy blue paint and ten coats of lacquer. It has 100 pounds of brass fitted on to it, two ten pound pick-ups, six 14 feet long strings, £1,500 worth of mother of pearl inlay and enough rosewood fingerboard for 65 normal guitars!

To add to all this, it comes with 15½ feet long strap, a flight case weighing 600 pounds (consisting of 250 square feet of plywood and 1,000 square feet of foam) and, apparently, work is underway on a h-u-g-e amplifier for the thing to be played through!

The man behind this fantastic achievement (which will be documented in the next *Guinness Book Of World Records*) is **Joe Kovacic** of *Lado Musical Inc.*, the man who manufactures axes for bands like **Platinum Blonde** and **Iron Maiden**. In fact, if you recognise this massive guitar's design, that's because it's an *Earth 2000* model – the kind that is used by the Maidens. Lord knows how long it took Lado to complete this monster but, at an estimated value of $29,000, their work certainly hasn't been wasted.

Look closely at the pic here and you should be able to spot members of Canada's **Honeymoon Suite**, **Coney Hatch**, **Lee Aaron Band** and **Kim Mitchell Band** with the creator (who you'll see the second highest figure on show). Unfortunately, Putterford couldn't pose for the pic . . well, the pubs are open all day on that side of the Atlantic, aren't they?

SICK . . . OR what? A report was sent to us recently concerning a 13-year-old mother who actually sold her twin babies in Florida earlier this year in order to gain a ticket for **Iron Maiden**'s concert in West Palm Beach!

No, we mislead you not. Apparently, the gal was so completely besotted with Maiiiiden that she flogged her kiddies to an underground organisation who pick up waistrels and ship 'em over to Thailand to act as prostitutes! A rather despicable act, don't you think? Now, if it had been **Slayer** playing . . .

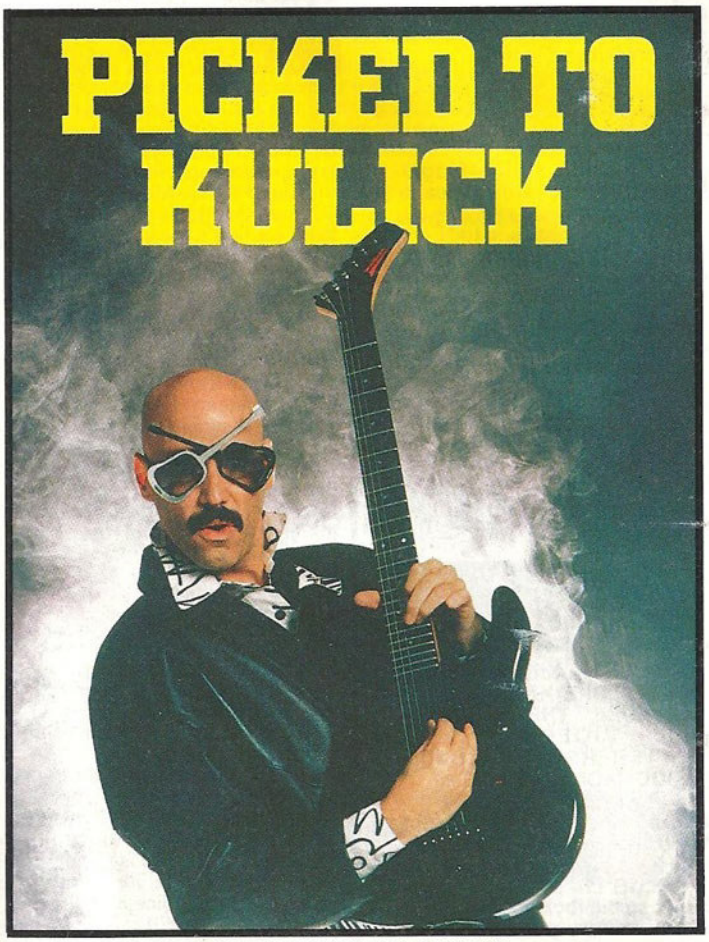
AEROS GET RAPPED

AEROSMITH LEAD vocalist **Steven Tyler** and lead guitarist **Joe Perry** recently collaborated with renowned New York rapping/hip-hop act **Run-DMC** on a version of the 'Smith's **'Walk This Way'**; this will be included on Run-DMC's new album, **'Raising Hell'**, due for imminent release through the *Def Jam* label. The recording took place at *Magic Venture Studios* in New York, under the production guidance of **Russell Simmons** and **Rick Rubin**.

In addition to an appearance on the track (Run-DMC have long performed a live version of the song that first appeared on the 'Toys In The Attic' album), the Aero twosome will also be seen in the promotional video for the song, being directed by **Godley & Creme**.

Pictured below are (from left): Perry, Tyler, Rubin, **Run** (Run-DMC), **Jam Master Jay** (Run-DMC), **DMC** (Run-DMC) and Simmons.

PICKED TO KULICK



"SINCE YOU BIN *GONE, SINCE YOU* BIN *GONE!!"*

I guess **Bob** *'Brother of* **Bruce' Kulick** *is either spinnin' out an ode to his glasses or his hair (RIP), possibly both. But the real question is: whatever* happened to *Bob Kulick?*

'I guess you're wondering whatever *happened to* Bob Kulick . . .'

Uh, well, yeah, I s'pose so. Funny innit, here we are at VFTB *tugging at our ever-whitening locks in puzzlement over the Kulick fate (and looking more like him by the second) when what should arrive in the mail along with the usual 'eat-s**t-and-die-slow' missives and neatly packaged dog-dos but a letter from the ol' boy himself. All in capitals, of course, clearly the exman* axetraordinaire *(you know what we mean) has yet to master the art of joined-up writing, though after a long, exhausting stint in the shadow of the* **Meat Loaf** *paunch it's remarkable that he still has the will to communicate at all. Ah, but wait . . .*

'Well, first of all I'm no longer working with Meat Loaf. Secondly, I've been concentrating on writing songs . . .'

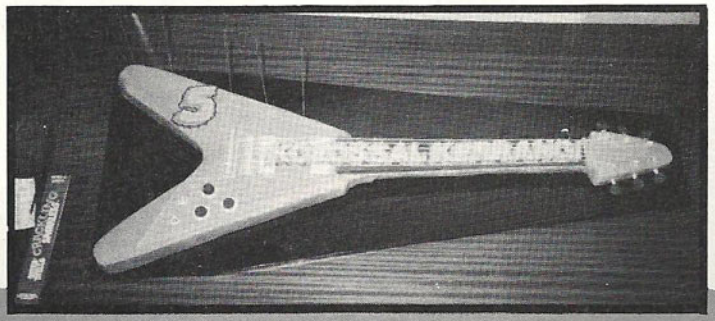
Seems that Bob has been touching bass (or rather geetar) with all manner of funky folk: **Desmond Child**, **Jimmy Hall** *(***Jeff Beck***'s latest singer),* **Jon Bon Jovi**, **Adam Bomb** *(Aaaahhh! Bring back Meat Loaf!)* **Shy***'s* **Steve Harris** *and* **Tony Mills** *(Bring back Adam Bomb!),* **John Siegler** *(***Roger Daltrey***'s bass player),* **Peppy Castro** *(ex-***Balance***),* etc.

'I've also been doing session work in New York and Los Angeles, and I've played on some film soundtracks including "The Boys Next Door". At this point, I'm hoping to join a band or start one . . .'

Ah, there's the rub. Interesting, what? If you feel you have an offer that Bob couldn't possibly resist (keep quiet, **Marino***!) or would simply like to launch a project in the company of the man who managed to put some beef into* **Diana Ross***' B-side (vinylly speaking), then now's your chance . . .*

'I can be contacted at the following address: **Bob Kulick c/o Ion Music Inc., 401 East 74 Street, New York 10021, New York, USA . . .**'

Speak now or forever hold your peace (shut up, Marino!).



WHO SAYS we at *Kerrung!* don't know how to paaarrrrtttty?! Oh yes, there *are* those like **'Krusher'** who retire early, hot mug of milk in hand and slippers on the webbed feet, but most of us are ready, willing and occasionally able to follow the example of our illustrious leadership and rock till we drop our pants!

When we recently celebrated our fifth anniversary it was a suitably manic occasion as champagne flowed liberally.

Even the legendary Managing Director of *Spotlight Publications* **Air Commodore Jack Hutton**, the man responsible (?) for giving the thumbs-up to *Kerrung!* back in the days when **Geoff Barton** was still able to sound coherent, was on hand. The duo are pictured above right trying to have sensible kommunication through the use of a handshake technique first developed by **Mick 'Koala Bear' Wall** and the equally deranged **Ross 'Global' Halfin**.

But, the highlight of the fifth anniversary party (apart from **Pete Cronin** leaving) came when the inkredible kake moulded in the shape of a *Flying V* was unveiled (see pic above left). Needless to say, **Xave 'The Rave' Russell** soon attempted to pluck a Suvern toon on the rather flimsy instrument and succeeded only in tearing it apart. Still, 'twas fun for a few minutes. Here's to our tenth anniversary . . . and **Mark Putterford** buying us all a round of cocoa.

NOW, HERE'S the serious *tit*-bit. We've been contacted by the **Oppressed Rights Group Against Sexist Music** who, as part of their **Castrate The Macc Lads Campaign**, have written to express their *'regret that your newspaper has given publicity to that notorious punk band – the Macc Lads. We request that you give this group no further publicity and would like to point out that:*

The Macc Lads are NOT funny or tongue-in-cheek.

The Macc Lads are offensive and degrading to women.

The Macc Lads are aggressive and violent towards gays.

The Macc Lads are bigoted and intolerent of all ethnic groups and of people from the South Of England.

If you support the plight of oppressed minorities you will not:

Publicise their concerts (see Tour Newz *page 22 in this very issue).*

Print interviews.

Review their records.'

So what's our reply to all of this sensitive and reasonable verbiage? Well . . . all together now fellas: UP YOUR C**TS WITH A BACKSTAGE PASS!

"I'LL *give 'em 'spray-on jeans'!"*

KOMIK KORNER

"AN IRISHMAN goes into a shoe shop to buy a pair of shoes! Eventually he decides on one particular pair, but asks the sales assistant, 'How do you know which one goes on what foot?' The assistant tells him that, 'Well, there's an 'R' inside one shoe for the right foot and an 'L' inside the other for the left foot.'

"The Irishman thinks about this for a second and then says, 'Ah that would explain why my wife has C&A on her knickers!'." – ***John Wetton.***

Jimmy Bain Vinny Appice Ronnie James Dio Claude Schnell Vivian Campbell

Mgi MANAGEMENT INC

MIO

WARNER BROS. RECORDS

MEGALOMANIAC? EGOIST? Little Hitler? Who said that?! Not we at VFTB, *no way,* never. *We like* ***Ronnie James Dio****, always have. There's no way we'd point out that in his younger days, on his way home from school, he'd bring his mother back five pounds of potatoes – in his kap! Certainly not. No more than we'd mention how he only became a trumpet player to like, well, y'know, blow his own horn, finally moving onto the vocal side when he realised just how much he liked the sound of his own voice – particularly when warming up those famed tonsils in front of the mirror . . .*

"ME-ME-ME-ME-ME!!"

No, we wouldn't dig up any of that stuff, though some are less charitable it seems. Oh yes. Hence the arrival in the Kerrang! *office of the despicably sauded and outrageously unfair (snigger) piece of artwork above.* Mio? *How awful!* Miji Management? *How could they?! Is someone trying to imply that the Dio organisation is run along less than democratic lines? Shame! Just who is the perpetrator of this foul deed? Not too sure actually, though it might be worth pointing out that this revised line-up shot winged its way in from Ireland, home of the shamrock, the leprechaun . . . and a certain Ex-Dio guitarist.*

Viv*, was it you? If so, a* papier maché *dragon will be calling at your house forthwith.*

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GRAVE DIGGER

HELLOWEEN

MARTIN ERIC AIN (Celtic Frost)

Pix Peter Cronin

THRILLED BY DEATH

CELTIC FROST/HELLOWEEN/ GRAVE DIGGER
Hammersmith Palais, London

CONSIDERING THAT, for me at least, Grave Digger were the major attraction on probably *the* heaviest three-band bill seen thus far in the UK, then these German masters of the shovel turned out to be a veritable let-down.

As 'Heavy Metal Breakdown' and 'Headbanging Man' (both culled from the band's debut album, a real KKKKK stormer) spewed from the twin towers of destruction to open the evening's events, it was obvious that everything was not as it should be. Neither tune seemed as fast as I remembered and the whole band just weren't as together as an act who have just traipsed all through Europe should be.

Basically, Grave Digger are a typical Teutonic band – reminiscent of Accept *circa* 'Restless And Wild' – who are getting dragged into the Thrash arena where they are neither comfortable nor, in all probability, have much genuine desire to be.

Helloween, on the other hand, were greeted like old friends. Again the Thrash tag doesn't fit smoothly around their necks, but most of their stuff is pretty pacey and was consequently lapped up by the slavering hardcore, studded hordes.

Admittedly there was the initial let's-all-chuck-a-plastic-beaker-at-the-band period (the perpetrators obviously suffering from a *terminal* dose of tunnel-visionitis), but the pumpkin ones soon settled into the natural groove of things. 'Victim Of Fate' signalled their metamorphosis from mere support act status to a level of competence that must have had Tom G. Warrior passing a worried glance or three over his shoulder. 'Victim . . .' is Maiden with the accelerator on overdrive; a complex workout of dual riffing, twin lead breaks, that essential 'slow but fiddly' middle section – which almost disappeared up its own arse at one point – then burning down the home straight faster than a cricketer down a line of coke.

"This one's dedicated to Mr Reagan and Mrs Thatcher," announced vocalist/guitarist Kai Hansen as they launched into 'Judas', the only non-recorded cut of the set. '*Fight for freedom/ Fight for your rights/I see treason/ In your eyes*' ran the chorus and, whatever your views on mixing politics with music, I find it refreshing when a band refrain from the usual barrage of '*Satan, come on down!*' and indulge in a little wholesome *awareness* instead.

'The Guardians', from their *Noisey* 'Walls Of Jericho' elpee, continued the theme, "about the people who are controlling us". And the sentiments weren't wasted on the sizeable punk contingent present, slammin' with the 'bangers in a frenzied *mêlée* – rather like putting 10,000 voltz through a colony of ants.

They rounded off with the manic 'Heavy Metal (Is The Law)' – at least proving they can be as dumb as the rest – and encored with 'Metal Invaders'. Believe you me, Helloween may have a way to go yet but they look sure-fire bets to follow in the *petite* footsteps of Doro Pesch and her boys and join Accept in the premier division of German Metal.

I've spent a lot of time pondering on the mysteries and questions surrounding Celtic Frost. Are they the Metallic equivalent of the Velvet Underground, the band who virtually defined '*avant-garde*' (if such a thing is possible)? Are they the first *original* Metal act for aeons? Or are they, as many would have you believe, just total garbage?

Well, whatever the reality at least they're never gonna get accused of being commercial! Each song is like an entire set; riffs pile upon riffs, one minute out-dooming Sabbath, the next thrashing faster than Slayer. 'Into The Crypt Of Rays' melted into 'Circle Of The Tyrants', which in turn gave way to a speedball 'Usurper'. Every Tom G. Warrior grunt brought rivers of sweat from the legions out front and each track was greeted by a multitude of swirling dandruff.

And as I wandered into the night, facing the thought of four hours in Waterloo station, I pondered further over Celtic Frost. Total crap or stunning originality? I'd like to think the latter's nearer the truth.

PAUL MILLER

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
Centre Sportif, Petange

MAY IS Asparagus Month in Luxembourg. Yes indeed, that Shelley amidst *legumes*, so often blighted, benighted and somewhat downtrodden, at last receives a certain amount of deference in keeping with its acknowledged position amongst the *cognoscenti* as a laureate of the *flora* world.

Every public place carries colour posters of asparagus, every menu proudly includes the vegetable with each item, assiduously refusing to offer an alternative, classic films are once again aired at local cinemas ('Close Encounters Of The Asparagus Kind', 'Lawrence Of Asparagus', 'An American Asparagus In London' and 'The Texas Asparagus Massacre' being particular faves) and there's even talk of *Asparagus Aid!* No, don't laugh, this is a serious business.

Clearly Manfred Mann and his Earth Band have the right idea. Obviously, their appearance in Luxembourg on this European tour was timed exactly to coincide with the zenith of celebrations. Mr. Mann must be a longstanding *aficionado* of the asparagus. Or else maybe he's suffering from *asparagus* veins!

Oh well, so here we are, the delectable (not to mention 'proper') Susannah York-near-lookalike Jan Stevens (of *10 Records*, MMEB's new label) and myself in the portly principality of Luxembourg, renowned for a secretive plethora of banks and insurance houses – and precious little else.

Manfred Mann and his boys are big news here, as in most parts of Europe. Even the local arts magazine has them on the cover, ingrained in black and white and looking more like an austere group of Austrian psychologists attending a conference on 'Sex & The Single Asparagus' than a wildebeast-propelled rock group. But then, no-one in the Earth Band is exactly in the first glow of youth; 'Criminal Tango', their latest album (a patchwork affair that, at its best, provides for some stirring music, but doesn't maintain this level consistently – "I wouldn't regard it as our best effort," revealed Manfred Mann after the show), is the 13th in a career spanning 15 years. That's a lot of plastic pressings and rubber-burnt roadwork.

It is ironic in many ways that the Farmer chaps (twins Tom and Dave) from the excellent Outside Edge actually hit the singles charts for the first time under the monicker of Blackfoot Sue not long after MMEB were first formed. Yet, here they are now supporting Manfred as they attempt to re-create the glories of days long since flushed down the plughole.

I've already raved at length, as indeed has Atilla The Glove Puppet, about the Edge's debut album on *10 Records*, and the intention here was to catch *them* live as well as the headliners. But . . . well, Jan and I were sent to the wrong venue, ending up in a thumbnail town called Differdange, finding ourselves virtually alone with scarcely any money between us and no-one around who could speak a sensible language. And with no taxis on the horizon, we were forced, through a combination of broken English, disjointed French and downright connivance ("this *is* Jane Fonda, honest!") to 'kidnap' a local yokel and 'persuade' him to drive with all the subtlety and delicacy of Alain Prost on Angel Dust, chauffering us to the correct venue – in a two-door *Ford Escort* with the front seats nailed to the floor! But, we arrived long after Outside Edge had vacated the stage, having only the band's word that they were "really good tonight". So, all I can say on this foursome is: see 'em for yourselves at the *Hammersmith Odeon* on June 6.

By the time we got into the hall and mingled with the 3,000 or so Luxy lunatics already ensconsed, MMEB were into their third number, 'Redemption Song', with vocalist/guitarist Chris Thompson (one of the finest throatsmiths ever to draw breath, even if he does look like the longsuffering boyfriend of a Greenham Common witch) in full cry on this most poignant of Bob Marley songs. The crowd stood in respectful silence, braving the intense heat (have they never heard of air conditioning in Luxembourg – and I'm not talking Vidal Sassoon) and licking up every word. It's rather amazing just how much MMEB have become, in a way, a glorified covers band to many, with their most acclaimed numbers being interpretations of *other's* penmanship ("this band doesn't have a history of great songwriting. The plain fact is that we can't actually pen good songs. In fact, I've only ever written one hit, '5-4-3-2-1', and that was a fluke!" said Manfred).

Tonight, a whole succession of covers gets the audience bopping, with 'Going Underground' from the Jam (set to be issued as the next single) standing out as a particular high spot.

The number has lost some of its youthful angst and aggression, but has been renovated as a masterpiece of craftsmanship, allowing the band (also featuring bassist Steve Kinch, John Lingwood on drums and guitarist/vocalist Mick Rogers) to slip into a skilful, high gear. Not so successful is a rendition of 'Do Anything You Wanna Do', originally recorded by Eddie & The Hot Rods (one of the finest rock 'n' roll acts the UK has *ever* thrown up – and I'll spit that into anyone's ear) but here lacking the power and razor-edged zest without which the song loses all identity and balance. This, though, is a one-off hiccough in an otherwise impressive display.

Clever use of animation, a strong and well-crafted light show, great music, spectacular musicians . . . what more could you ask for. Indeed, the Luxembourg audience (a very young, hard rock-orientated mob, it seemed) loved it all and demanded more. Me? I was amazed at just how powerfully these fellas rock onstage. Forget about those 'wheelchair' remarks, this is a fine, controlled rock 'n' roll mob.

And once again I'm gonna stick my celery neck out and disagree totally with common misconceptions. This band *are* good enough and lithe enough to be *huge* in the UK. Catch 'em on June 6 at the *Hammersmith Odeon* and amaze yourselves.

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWZ OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

ZODIAC MINDWARP & THE LOVE REACTION
The Underground, Croydon

ZODIAC MINDWARP wraps up another song, this one titled 'Speed King', before introducing the acolytes, assembled in rapt, funereal amazement, to his 'Star Children': on guitar there's Cobalt Stargazer, on bass Kid Chaos and behind him there's Slam Thunderhide on the drums. The introductions done, they launch into another mindbender, this one called, if my notes are to be believed, 'Sperm Baby'!

Or rather, the introductions *aren't* done! Oh no, Zodiac's snubbed his keyboard player, a man who, until very recently, was a confirmed inmate of some unmentioned lunatic asylum!

"Hey, man, hey!" he cries from across the stage before Zodiac can get the song off into the stratosphere. "Hey man, you didn't mention my name!"

Zodiac is not about to be taken aback by such an intrusion. "Hey man, shut up! Shut the f**k up, man!"

"But you didn't mention my name, man!"

"You wanna go back to the hospital??!!" Zodiac threatens. This is clearly the last straw for Evil Bastard, the as-yet unintroduced keyboard player. As Zodiac again attempts to shift the 'Sperm Baby' into take-off mode Evil Bastard leaps from behind his keyboards and begins to attack his fabled leader about his addled brain. But before serious injury can occur to the space-poet (the man who coined such immortal rhymes as *'I'm King Kong with a hard-on!'!!)* the roadies spring to his rescue and the miscreant (and indeed, aptly named) Evil Bastard is hurled bodily into the audience to the cheers and delight of the crowd and the relief of their hero!

As Evil Bastard skulks back from his landing point to behind his instrument, Zodiac takes the band through the epic 'Sperm Baby' and into the awesome 'Wild Child' before announcing that: "We've got a spaceship to catch!" and the Love Reaction quit the stage after about 45 minutes of brain-melting fury, HM in its purest form and the most entertaining band I've seen for ages. Not even Sigue Sigue Sputnik can match this lot for sheer rib-tickling joy!

"You want MORE?!" screams Zodiac, after asking the spaceship to hang on for a few moments more, "well ya f**king getting it!" he declares without waiting for a reply. And we get Lizzy's 'The Rocker' and something hot and unholy called 'Black Cat Scream'!

Oh God, if only you'd been there! This was brilliant, totally and utterly superb, well groovy and extremely cool. The man is a certifiable lunatic onstage (never mind his keyboard player!!) and the outrageous American accent is perfectly in keeping the Nazi-*cum*-Hell's-Angel clobber – I can find no fault with this man, his band or his songs. I thoroughly enjoyed this cabaret, it was hard, it was heavy, it was a dream come true!

DAVE DICKSON

TWELFTH NIGHT
Town & Country Club, London

TWELFTH NIGHT are *Virgin*'s new signing, though I find it extraordinarily difficult to see why. Someone at *Virgin* has f**ked-up.

Perhaps the thing I disliked about them most was the vocalist; not so much his lack of singing ability – though 'average' would be as far as I'd care to go on that score – but his arrogance. I intensely dislike objectionable little oiks who think of themselves as 'stars', treat what few people there were (the place was seven-eighths empty) like lobotomised goons and generally come across as such prats as to make me feel embarrassed *for* them. And here was one of them – a would-be Bono without the brains; a would-be Jim Kerr without the musical 'clout' to make it even partially understandable.

Twelfth Night were OK in the old days, when their awfulness was *funny*. But now they take it seriously.

I'm led to believe that their 'influences' range from the obvious (Yes, Marillion, Duran) through the *musically* undetectable (Queen, Zeppelin) to the pompous (Tchaikovsky): Yes for the arrangements, Duran for the haircuts, Queen for the vocalist's posturing and Tchaikovsky for. . . . dunno!

The one influence they *don't* include is the one that is most apparent – Genesis.

Musically, the Genesis influence came closest to the surface early in the set, on a number introduced only as "an instrumental. . . from the early days" and on the last song, 'Take A Look' – a lengthy 'piece' where snatches of great Genesis songs like 'Supper's Ready' and 'In The Cage' were used out of context and combined with a bit of 'Tubular Bells' to produce the last in a series of uninteresting, uneventful and unpalatable songs from Twelfth Night's new album.

PAUL HENDERSON

KATRINA AND THE WAVES
Town And Country Club, London

THE DOUBLE-EDGED sword of super-successful debut singles is one which has scarred the careers of many bands over the years. Katrina And The Waves' problem was, and still is, trying to repeat the success of the wonderful 'Walking On Sunshine' and, with their second album set for release, time could possibly be running out.

Should Katrina and de boiz remain frustrated this time around, it will indeed be a bitter disappointment for all those who, like me, greeted their debut album with surprised delight. With low-slung guitars, bags of finger-clickin' beats and an abundance of catchy choruses, it hit a nerve right between pop and rock that usually lies dormant. And it felt real good.

Katrina & Co. in a live situation shape up just as well. They take the stimulative basics of good-time rock'n'roll, garnish them with the decorative subtleties of modern pop-rock, and pump it all out with a degree of energy which does little if not heighten these musical qualities. And with

ALBUM–(TED 1)
TAPE–(MC TED 1)
C.D.–(XD TED 1)

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TED 1

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This space kindly donated by *Kerrang!*

this mixture of sometimes dirty, sometimes heavy, but always accessible r'n'r ('n'b), and the inevitably light and (most of the time) pleasant commercialism, they produce a set which is simple and straightforward, yet charming and effective.

Dressed in a banana-yellow suit, Katrina led her Waves with a typically American brashness and confidence, and they responded by backing her every motion with obedient reliability; guitarist Kimberley Rew, who could've been mistaken for a pubescent Angus Young at times, looked like a 12-year-old freaking out in front of his bedroom mirror with a tennis racket and tore out some electric runs from his Angus-like *SG*, while bassist Vince de la Cruz strutted his stuff with a contrasting coolness and drummer Alex Cooper kept them all in line with his commanding beat.

But although the *band* were tight, I sometimes felt the *set* wasn't. Too many long raps from the jovial front-lady herself spoiled the flow somewhat, and I felt she would've been wise to keep these to a minimum; the one before 'Stop Trying To Prove How Much Of A Man You Is' being one of the more humourous and effective raps of the evening (you could almost sense the medallion-men in the audience hastily buttoning up their shirts during this!).

Another thing that bothered me slightly about Katrina was how she seemed to be building everything up to 'Walking On Sunshine' – which (surprise surprise) turned out to be the last song of the set. It may be the band's biggest hit to date, but it certainly isn't the be-all and end-all of their potential, and the luvable Katrina could do worse than to play the 'Sunshine' success down a little in order to clear the way for the next hit.

Still, all in all it was an enjoyable night out . . . and isn't that all it's supposed to be?

MARK PUTTERFORD.

STRANGEWAYS
Marquee, London

STRANGEWAYS COULDN'T have picked a worse day to play the *Marquee*, introducing themselves in the process to the gigging circuit. Purely from a journalists' point of view everyone who was anyone in the rock forum had climbed aboard the *Phonogram* Partymobile and hightailed it off to Birmingham to see the opening date of the Dio tour the night Strangeways decided to open their campaign.

Volunteers to ditch the prospect of a free'n'legless trip down the M6 were therefore at a premium up at *Kerrang!* Kastle. And, had I not been otherwise incapacitated the night before, I too would have foregone the pleasure of seeing Strangeways in preference to the Dio show, lasers, robots'n'all.

Well, no lasers on show at the *Marquee* but the band could've done with a robot (or anything with some intelligence) on the sound-desk. This will not go down as one of the all-time greatest debut live performances, suffering as it did from an unbalanced mix. Jim Drummond's drums thundered out in an avalanche of power but, like all such snowfalls, inevitably something got swamped on its way down. Here the victim was Terry Brock's vocals. The man has a fine voice, that much is plainly evident, but it lacked sufficient push from the PA to cut through and give the assembled throng the benefit of his larynx.

Similarly it would have been nice to hear Ian Stewart's guitar given some real punch, but again the sound never did the man justice. Still, all this only slightly distracted from what Strangeways are all about – and that's songs. Much of their debut album was aired along with a fair sprinkling of newer material that could well appear soon on vinyl.

The songs are this band's strong point – they are simple, direct, and above all catchy. They possess the same commercial rock quality that highlights the work of Foreigner and Def Leppard and, like those two bands, Strangeways seem destined to reap the reward for their abilities in the US.

Which brings us neatly to the one fault Strangeways as a BRITISH band have. Over here, we're much more concerned with 'Image' than our colonial cousins and what image Strangeways have is pretty naff (see the line-up shot in issue 119). The US seems much less preoccupied with what a band *looks* like than what they *sound* like. Which will serve Strangeways fine, because neither Terry Brock nor bassist David Stewart, while both being great musicians, are about to win any Mr Universe contests. From a UK angle my advice to them would be to shed a few excess pounds.

That aside, Strangeways have everything it takes to become very, very successful – whether they *achieve* that success in this country remains a moot point but given the ass-over-tit mentality that exists at present in the UK music industry it wouldn't surprise me to find them ignored or reviled. There's little justice in this world, remember?

In the meantime you could do a lot worse than check out the album while Strangeways find themselves a support tour to latch onto.

DAVE DICKSON

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THE TWO RONNIES

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

DIO/KEEL
NEC, Birmingham

'COACH TO HELL' is how 'Krusher' had billed this one for me. *Phonogram Records* had laid on a coach to ferry a posse of hacks from London up to Birmingham for the biggest show on Dio's recent British tour . . . They promised us *Harp* lager by the bucketful and tickets for the show. In return, *Kerrang!* guaranteed to make the party swing harder than a hanged man's boot heels at dawn by dispatching a whole gang of wild-eyed malcontents, including myself, 'Krusher' Joule, The Bishop Bonutto, that deranged lunatic Doc Doom, and our own supply of *Pilsner* lager.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said 'Krusher', downing his fifth beer the morning of the show. "We'll let all the big hairy girls from *Smash Hits* drink that horrid, putrid *Harp* s**t, and we'll keep all the good stuff for ourselves. We'll get drunk as skunks on the way up and the moment we arrive we'll burst into the band's dressing room and get everyone in the group totally out of their skulls on the devil juice!

"And then, when Craig Goldielocks can't stand up straight anymore and Jimmy Bain's eyes are shut so tight he thinks he's back in f**kin' Rainbow, we'll send the band out to play . . . with us, you and me kid, completely naked and swinging from the dragon's goddamn ears! It'll be the ultimate f**kin' COACH TO HELL!"

"Sounds good," I agreed. "That's the kind of work I'm trained for."

As it happened, the *Smash Hits* people pussied-out when they heard the *Kerrang!* folk would be present, so I guess nobody got to drink the rotten *Harp*. But that wasn't going to stop us having our F.U.N. By the time we'd left the coach swimming in beer, blood, piss and puke, we were *ready*. Ready to walk seriously into the heaviest Metal action serious money can buy.

KEEL, FROM Los Angeles, were first out of the door and onto the stage. Instant confusion, The sound is all mud, no middle, no end, flat as a witch's tit. Actually I have a down on Keel at the moment – I couldn't believe it when I read that frontman Ron Keel believes the PMRC have had a good effect on the music industry. What a lot of bulls**t! 'The Right To Rock' and all that, eh Ron? As long as your half-dead and ancient parents say it's OK, right? Well, bulls**t! Gimme back my generation gap . . . That, and the fact that the sound is groggy under its own weight, mean I don't stand still for this stuff for very long. 'Raised On Rock', 'The Right To Rock'. . . good, edgy rock beat, sure. But the rest I wouldn't touch; far too weak for a palate as toothsome as mine.

"F**k this, let's get another drink," said 'Krusher'. And that's what we did, killing bartime until the *real* entertainment was ready to begin. And then . . .

6,000 peopleoids get up on their feet and begin making that high screaming sound that means my man Dio is about to hit us with everything he's got. The curtains part and a bright red light stings my eyes (*Also bright red, incidentally – DB*). Then Vinnie Appice's drums come tumbling down like s**t bricks from heaven and there they are! The boize with the bad, bad noize: from the left – new guitarist Craig Goldie, vocalist and leader Ronnie James Dio, and bassist Jimmy Bain. Behind them sit Vinnie and keyboard player Claude Schnell, and behind them sits the bloody dragon, breathing fire through its nose and looking like something that would make St. George s**t his pants. 20 feet of toy-town monster-*chic*.

For a moment, I can't take my eyes off it, and 'Krusher's already trying to unsheath his sword, then I zero in on the castle fascade backdrop that adorns the stage. O Mother! O Grud! Holy Moley! What a thing to behold!

Drawbridge, dragon, lasers going apes**t, flashing red, blue, green, red, white and blue, Oh Ronnie James Dio, Birmingham loves yooo – tonight!

'The King Of Rock 'N' Roll' opens then dies amidst a shower of deafening applause, and 'Krusher' leans across and cries: "We're definitely off to see the witch tonight, kid!"

HE WAS right. 'Like The Beat Of A Heart' and 'Don't Talk To Strangers' follow and the tempo is high and raunchy. By the time the band move into 'Hungry For Heaven', and the lasers have started sending all 6,000 of us mad again, there's a huge bouncer yelling at me to stop standing on my seat, and I didn't even know I was!

'The Last In Line' comes pummelling out of the giant *Marshalls* and I turn my attention to the new boy in class, guitarist Craig Goldie, ex-Giuffria/Driver and Ronnie's first choice as replacement for Vivian Campbell. What can I say? It took me this long to remember that Viv isn't in the group anymore. And when I look at Craig arching his back and strangling his fretboard I realise it's not worth thinking about. I hate comparisons anyway – always so odious – and Craig does his job with enough dash and aplomb to make them unnecessary.

From there the band *segues* into 'Holy Diver' and then into the drum solo, illuminated sticks and an almighty f**king bomb at the climax making it all work spectacularly well.

After that it's 'Heaven And Hell'. . . Distant memories of Black Sabbath conjured up then blown apart as Ronnie and the band storm through the number, the only down spot for me being the draggy keyboard solo at the end, all quasi-classical milkshake, before Goldie appears for his guitar solo.

Look . . . I'm not a great fan of one-man-and-his-spotlight solos so we'll say no more. But when Craig finally acts out the destruction of his axe and another bomb goes off, and this oval-shaped screen descends slowly to the stage-floor, I admit I'm up and going for it like a greyhound on acid fresh out of the traps.

There are stunned gasps as the image of Ronnie James Dio flashes holographically on the screen, and his voice, slowed and full of loud warning, begins to reel out his message. What it is I don't remember . . . sounded like a good recipe for a (whisper it) magic spell to me, but you'll have to check with Doc Doom for the sordid details on that one . . . And then it's 'Sacred Heart'. . .

OH MY God! This is the part of the show which climaxes with Ronnie taking on the dragon with his own *'Star Wars'*-style laser-sword, before the hideous knight-statue stage-left joins in to help with some laser-powered heat-vision. It's all very cartoon-like and quite *Disney* in places. But when I look across at 'Krusher' and Doom gazing at the stage with their awful drooling mouths wide open and their eyeballs jutting out of their heads I know this is a masterpiece of fiction Ronnie James Dio has contrived for us . . . And, outside of America, I don't recall seeing much else like it before.

'Rock 'N' Roll Children', reminiscent live of Ozzy's 'Shot In The Dark' for some God-forsaken reason, *segues* skilfully into 'Long Live Rock 'N' Roll' and 'Man On The Silver Mountain' before running like a bastard back into 'Rock 'N' Roll Children'. . . and, well, it's then time to 'Stand Up And Shout'.

A beautifully-paced modern Heavy Metal show with *all* the trimmings, a Dio concert will always be a favourite place of mine to go. Always. It's got the power, the humour and that strange extravagance of humility which Ronnie James Dio invests in all his live performances, from Rainbow through Sabbath and onto his own solo '80s . . . And as 'Krusher' said to me afterwards: "When that little demon says 'WE ROCK', he f**king *means it*, doesn't he?"

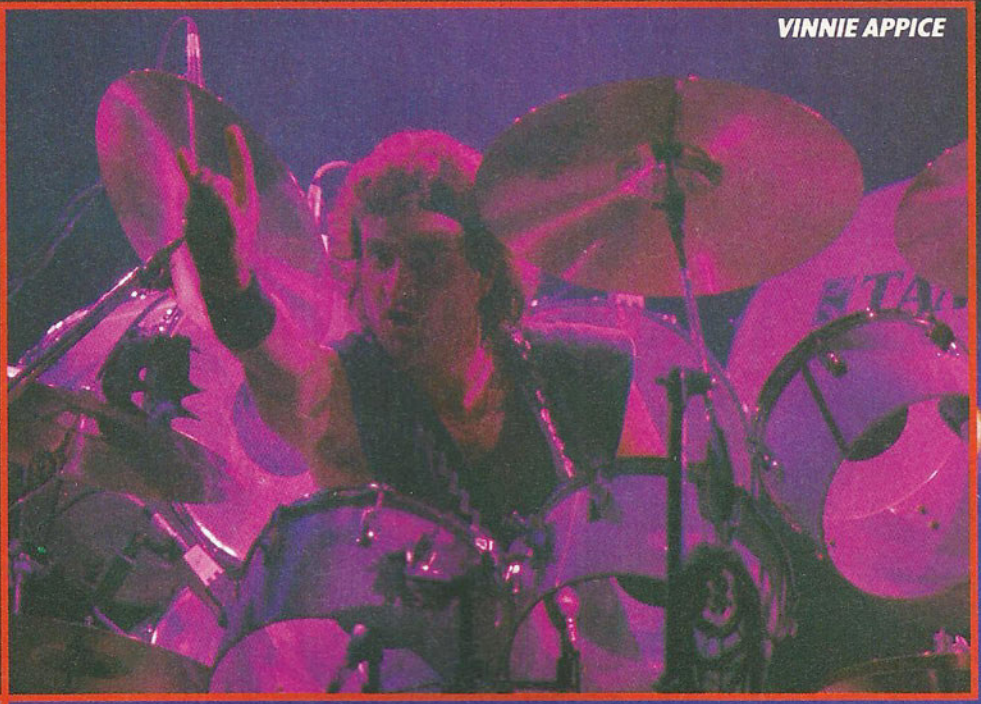
The encores were 'Rainbow In The Dark' and 'We Rock'.

Those big hairy *Harp*-swilling girls on *Smash Hits* don't know what they're missing . . . I mean, dragons, already! MICK WALL

Pic Peter Cronin

KEEL: still saving up for a mikestand

CRAIG GOLDIE



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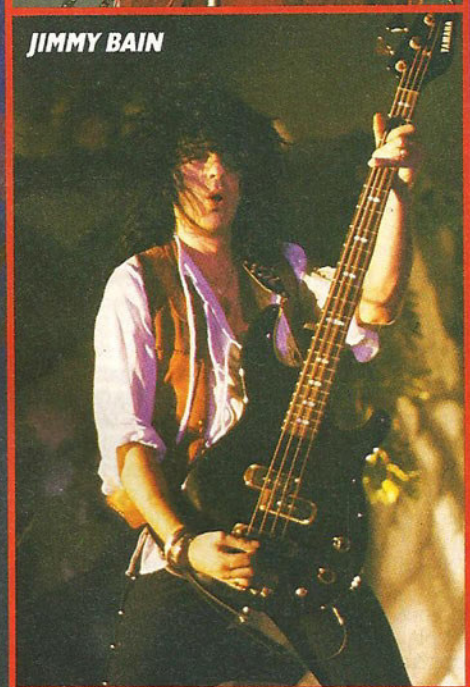


JIMMY BAIN

DEAN DRAGON

GUNNING FOR GLORY

DEREK OLIVER ventures into the land of LEGS DIAMOND with band vocalist and 'gangster of love' RICK SANFORD

ANGST AND double angst! The most talked-about man in the *Kerrang!* potting shed gets it wrong again! Making his predictions perched on a makeshift trouser press, feeding *Baby Bio* to the forces of freedom, he ponders the ins and outs, the ups and downs of everything Legs Diamond.

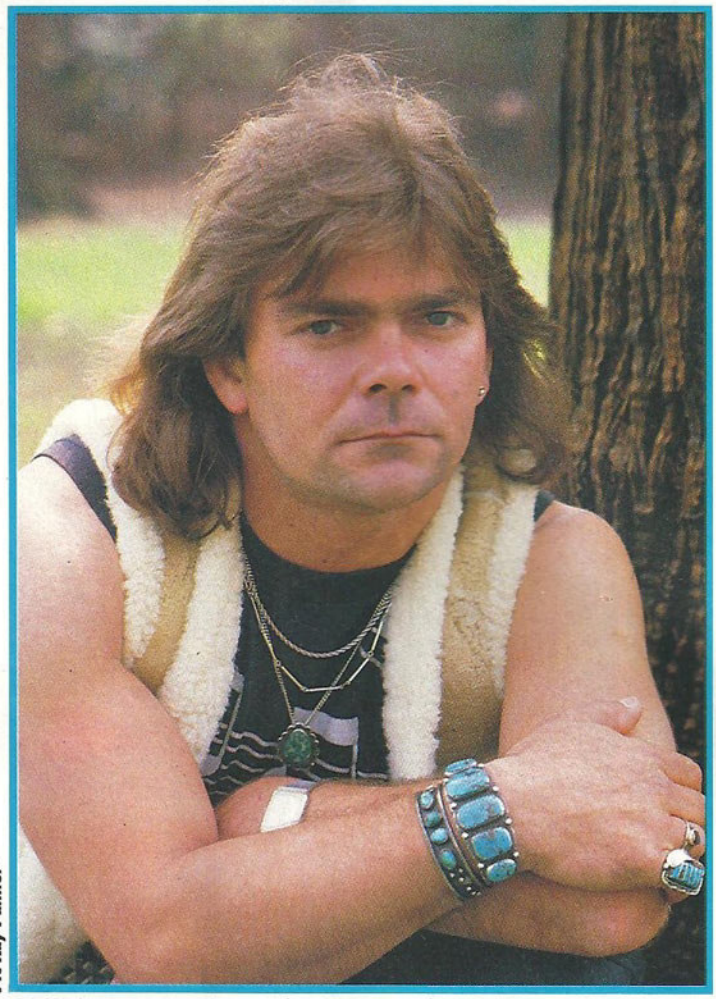
It's nearly ten mouldy years since *Mercury Records* first unleashed California's deadly dancers to the visible silence of Heavy Metal's snotty-nosed hierarchy ('Legs Diamond', 1977) and what have the Legs of '86 got to show for it? Answer: true belief, serious overdrafts, bruised emotions, false promises and 'Land Of The Gun', the hottest LP of the year, methinks. If love is war, then this is nuclear decimation!

I believe in the power of longevity and if Legs Diamond don't eventually make it, bonus time and all, to the same level of success attained by seminal plodders like REO Slowagon or Survivor, then the burning fiery furnace of Voi Vod and Celtic Frost will be yours to fry me in.

So let's all stuff ourselves with banana cream cake and find out why Legs frontman Rick Sanford still hasn't made the cover of *Rolling Stone* (let alone his own album sleeves) after all these years . . .

"That's not so true," growls Rick in the terminal shade of his record company's Artist Liaison office. "*Music For Nations* changed the American sleeve of 'Land Of The Gun' by pasting a picture of the band on it. Now you can see what we all look like before you buy the LP – frightening ! God ! Check out the German cover. F**k, it's like get offa my trip and don't never come back down ! Contemporary surrealism and all that crap – it makes us look like some experimental keyboard band from Berlin!"

SOOOO, THE magic word has been uttered: KEYBOARDS! You hardly need a subscription to *Kerrang!* to realise where I'm coming from on this issue, so let's ring out the popular theory that the attraction of Legs Diamond is quietly linked to their phenomenal use of those beautiful ivory notes. With 'Land Of The Gun' the band have, if my ears are fully functional, brought them more out into the open than ever before. So why the big change and how come you don't write those mega long epics any more, Rick?



Pic Ray Palmer

RICK SANFORD: "Legs Diamond can wipe the floor with anyone, and we know that"

"For the most part we wanted to cool down a little with this one. 'Out On Bail' was our comeback LP and it had to be high energy all the way, we'd been caged like tigers for too long and it showed. The latest album is a lot more diversified. So we finally decided to bring Mike (Prince) right out of the (*water?*) closet and get him to actually *play* the keyboards for a change. You've gotta remember that Mike's always been held back by our producers, but seeing as *we* handled all the production this time around, everything is perfect.

"The object was not to sound the same as before, but to move on a little and diversify. I think we pretty well achieved all those objectives on 'Land Of The Gun', even if we've gone and upset a few people. There's some smokers on the LP, though, real rockers like 'Steal A Heart', 'Rock Doktor' and 'Waitin' For The Night'. No way are we gonna quit rockin', that's for sure. But I can't see us doing any real long songs again. Those days are over, it's history now, but I'm definitely proud of all that stuff – we'll still play the old material live, you can be quite sure of that."

Inbetween recording the album and its final release, drummer Dusty Watson left the band to be replaced by new band member Jonathan Valen, a chap whose CV reads like a musicians' *Who's Who*. I haven't got the space to list his full credits, but a handful of the names that come to mind include Vinnie Vincent, Steve Vai, Judas Priest, Billy Sheehan and the Marshall Tucker Band.

Rick, why did Dusty quit?

"That little motherf**ker! I'll never forgive him for doing what he did. I loved him, he was the greatest drummer I've ever worked with, and he just got up one day and quit the whole show. No more Mr Rock 'N' Roll for him, no more playing, no more nothing, he just opted out of the business. He doesn't play any more, works in construction and goes fishing at the weekends – that's like taking 100 gallons of really good beer and pouring it in the gutter. What a f**kin' waste! I really hate him for it, although that's not to denigrate Jonathan's talents in any way."

LEAVING ASIDE the issue of individual taste, there's no doubt that 'Land Of The Gun' is a mighty fine record, as fine in fact as any major release you'll get to hear all year. So, Ricky, does it still gall you that Legs can't get a major label deal in the Land Of The Bagel, as I like to call it?

"Ohh, I'm very seriously pissed off. Sure, it's depressing having to sit at home listening to the radio hearing nothing but third-rate Led Zeppelins achieving success whilst our record gets ignored. Record companies are signing bands that won't be worth a nickel in ten years' time. Look at Grand Funk, they sold billions of albums but can you remember any of their songs? (*Yeah! – Ed.*) No way, of course you can't. I don't pull punches, man. Just look at Keel, they got their deal when they played with us at the *Country Club* in LA . . . that's the kind of thing that makes me so mad I could smash a brick wall. It makes me fight a lot harder, too."

Yeah, right, I sympathise with you, Rick, but what do you think is the main reason for Legs Diamond getting the big blanko?

"Reputation. It's gotta be man, it ain't our music, everyone knows that. Look, when *Mercury Records* dropped us they hammered the nail in our coffin like you wouldn't believe. I mean, they literally trussed us up for good. They fed the word to the other companies that we were financial suicide and when something like that gets into circulation it sticks like glue. Of course, it never occurred to them to say that our management were taking all the money and that we never got a damn penny out of it. But that's what you expect, right?"

Expect the unexpected; fight fire with fire. Pretty smart one-liners, but no help if you're under the blade, that's for sure. But one thing you ought to know is that Rick Sanford has never entertained the idea of waving a white flag and surrendering . . . er, *totally*, that is.

"I actually quit the band once. Then I went crazy, drinking like a mad fool. It was like someone had come along and cut my dick off. I'd spent three quarters of my life playing rock 'n' roll

LEGS DIAMOND (l-r): Jim May, Michael Prince, Rick Sanford, Mike Christie, Jonathan Valen

and then I quit because of baad luck – man, that's no reason to finish, and luckily I realised before it was too late. I'm determined to be successful . . . it's like a brick f**king wall and I'll keep punchin' the sucker until it breaks open – and no-one is gonna tell me I ain't gonna do it. Legs Diamond can wipe the floor with anyone, and we *know* that."

NOW IF Rick had a fuzz box I'm sure he'd use it, but would it have any effect on what he considers to be his best-ever vocal performance?

"That's a tough one to answer, because my voice is changing all the time. The most difficult song I've done is 'Woman' on the 'Diamond Is A Hard Rock' album. It took everything I had but Eddie Leonetti (the producer) didn't get the best take on tape. There's some stuff on this new album that I like very much, too . . ."

What's all this we've heard about your wild side? 'The gangster of love', as someone once described you . . .?

"Sure, I've got a short fuse and I've been in some tough situations, even been in the slammer for something I didn't do – I wrote 'Out On Bail' sitting in the cell – but if you want to see my wild side you should catch me on stage." When I go on and when I come offstage it's like a Jekyll and Hyde situation, I over-compensate with anger."

For far too long now Legs Diamond have been hiding in the shadows, hardly ever performing outside of their native California and the Southern US states (where they are playing dates at the moment). But at long last it now appears that this situation is about to change. Come September/October the band are planning to undertake a European tour, probably headlining, and it also looks certain they'll be spending much of November in the UK recording their next LP (due to be released again on the *Music For Nations* label) at *Rockfield Studios* with producer Liam Sternberg. So, with any luck, this renewed burst of activity will be the lever for Legs to finally achieve global success.

PANDORA PEROXIDE

LOCAL CHART

1 THE TOYBOX MURDERS **Flight 19** (demo)
2 THAT GIRL **FM** (Portrait)
3 IF LOOKS COULD KILL **Heart** (Capitol)
4 RUN FOR COVER **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
5 NIGHTMARE **Black Rose** (Neat)
6 BREAKING AWAY **She** (Neat)
7 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
8 HEAT OF THE MOMENT **Asia** (Geffen)
9 STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Vertigo)
10 HIDE IN THE RAINBOW **Dio** (Vertigo)
11 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
12 I CAN'T WAIT **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
13 YOU'RE IN LOVE **Ratt** (Atlantic)
14 UNCHAIN THE NIGHT **Dokken** (Elektra)
15 MY KINDA LOVER **Billy Squier** (Capitol)
16 SLOW 'N' EASY **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
17 (YOU CAN STILL) ROCK IN AMERICA **Night Ranger** (MCA/Camel)
18 ROCK 'N' ROLL FANTASY **Bad Company** (Swan Song)
19 UNIFORM OF YOUTH **Mr. Mister** (RCA)
20 SWEET DARLIN' **Splitcrow** (Guardian)
21 BASTARD **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
22 AMERICAN HEARTBEAT **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
23 KASHMIR **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
24 THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
25 LET THE MUSIC DO THE TALKING **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
26 HOT GIRLS IN LOVE **The Cherry Bombz** (Lick)
27 LIPSTICK 'N' LEATHER **Y&T** (A&M)
28 HAMMER TO FALL **Queen** (EMI)
29 I GOT YOUR NUMBER **Hughes/Thrall** (Cleveland)
30 DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)

Compiled by Esplanade Rock Club, *Whitley Bay.*
Anyone wishing to have their local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

RICK SANFORD (LEGS DIAMOND)
'MAGGIE MAY' Rod Stewart (Mercury 45)
'SHAPES OF THINGS' Gary Moore (track from the 'Victims Of The Future' LP on 10 Records)
'GALLOW'S POLE' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'Led Zeppelin III' LP on Atlantic)
BRUCE BROOKSHIRE (DOC HOLLIDAY)
'RIOT OF VIOLENCE' Kreator (track from the 'Pleasure To Kill' LP on Noise import)
'WOMEN IN ROCK' Persian Risk (track from the 'Rise Up' LP on Metal Masters)
'METAL INVADERS' Helloween (track from the 'Walls Of Jericho' LP on Noise import)
KELLE RHOADS (RHOADS)
'THE ULTIMATE SIN' Ozzy Osbourne (Epic)
'RUSSIAN ROULETTE' Accept (Portrait)
'BACK IN BLACK' AC/DC (Atlantic)

US HM RADIO

1	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Elektra)
2	2	TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
3	4	RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
4	—	LIGHTNING STRIKES **Loudness** (Atco)
5	7	STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Mercury)
6	3	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
7	5	THE FINAL FRONTIER **Keel** (Gold Mountain/MCA)
8	6	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
9	9	UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Combat)
10	12	LADY OF THE NIGHT **Spectre** (Spectre)
11	—	THE MURDERESS METAL ROAD SHOW **Lizzy Borden** (Metal Blade)
12	18	WORLD GONE MADE **David T. Chastain's CJSS** (Leviathan)
13	10	NOBLE SAVAGE **Virgin Steele** (Cobra)
14	17	EDEN **Eden** (Restless/Enigma)
15	14	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
16	—	FIGHT FOR THE ROCK **Savatage** (Atlantic)
17	—	SPEED OF LIGHT **Sound Barrier** (Metal Blade)
18	13	GUILTY AS SIN **Bloodlust** (Metal Blade)
19	—	PLEASURE TO KILL **Kreator** (Combat)
20	8	LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS **Ted Nugent** (Atlantic)

Chart compiled by Gail Flug, Hard Rock Coordinator, CMJ New Music Report, *830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507.*

INDIE METAL

1	1	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
2	—	DEAD BY CHRISTMAS **Hanoi Rocks** (Raw Power)
3	—	SPEED KILLS II **Various** (Music For Nations)
4	2	LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
5	9	THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
6	4	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
7	—	MAD TRAX II – BEYOND METAL ZONE **Various** (Music For Nations)
8	7	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
9	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
10	3	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
11	8	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
12	13	BURNING AMBITION **Chariot** (Shades)
13	10	BEHOLD THE BEGINNING **Diamond Head** (Metal Masters)
14	11	UNVEILING THE WICKED **Exciter** (Music For Nations)
15	16	ANTHOLOGY **Magnum** (Raw Power)
16	12	SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND **Stryper** (Enigma/Stiff)
17	6	FATAL PORTRAIT **King Diamond** (Roadrunner)
18	20	BEST OF HANOI ROCKS **Hanoi Rocks** (Lick)
19	14	FOREVER . . . AND EVER **Forever** (Heavy Metal America)
20	15	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG **Venom** (American Phonograph)

IMPORTS

1 CRAAFT **Craaft** (Roadrunner)
2 SILK AND STEEL **Giuffria** (MCA/Camel)
3 SHOT IN THE DARK **Great White** (Greenworld)
4 CLASSICS LIVE **Aerosmith** (CBS)
5 SWEET SAVAGE **Sweet Savage** (Sweet Savage)
6 STREET LETHAL **Racer X** (Roadrunner)
7 BELOW THE BELT **TKO** (Roadrunner)
8 EDGE OF INSANITY **Tony McAlpine** (Roadrunner)
9 FIGHT FOR THE ROCK **Savatage** (Atlantic)
10 FIGHT TO SURVIVE **White Lion** (Victor Japan)

KERRANG!

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SINGLES

1	5	SLEDGEHAMMER **Peter Gabriel** (Virgin)
2	6	WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
3	1	STARS **Hear 'n Aid** (Vertigo)
4	3	LOOK AWAY **Big Country** (Mercury)
5	4	YOUR LATEST TRICK **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
6	—	ROLLIN' HOME **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
7	2	A KIND OF MAGIC **Queen** (EMI)
8	7	ROUGH BOY **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9	—	THE DIO EP **Dio** (Vertigo)
10	8	BE GOOD TO YOURSELF **Journey** (CBS)
11	18	R.O.C.K. IN THE USA **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
12	—	ALL I NEED IS A MIRACLE **Mike & The Mechanics** (WEA International)
13	10	BECAUSE THE NIGHT **Keel** (Vertigo)
14	—	WHO MADE WHO **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
15	—	FIRE ON THE WATER **Chris de Burgh** (A&M)
16	—	SHINE **Mike Oldfield/Jon Anderson** (Virgin)
17	14	JUMP IN THE FIRE **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
18	11	THESE DREAMS **Heart** (Capitol)
19	25	IN MY DREAMS **Dokken** (Elektra)
20	19	TALK TO ME **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/Parlophone)
21	12	TURBO LOVER **Judas Priest** (CBS)
22	13	AMERICAN STORM **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
23	9	HARLEM SHUFFLE **Rolling Stones** (Rollings Stones/CBS)
24	15	YOU WANT WHAT WE GOT **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
25	20	STAR **Tormé** (Zebra)
26	21	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** (EMI)
27	28	HEART OF LOTHIAN **Marillion** (EMI)
28	16	THAT GIRL **FM** (Portrait)
29	23	IT'S ALL GONE **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
30	—	METALMORPHOSIS **English Dogs** (Under One Flag)

ALBUMS

1	2	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
2	1	5150 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
3	—	THE FINAL FRONTIER **Keel** (Vertigo)
4	5	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
5	3	ON THE BEACH **Chris Rea** (Magnet)
6	6	RUSSIAN ROULETTE **Accept** (Portrait)
7	15	AFTERBURNER **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
8	10	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
9	9	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
10	16	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
11	18	GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
12	21	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
13	17	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
14	20	UNDER LOCK AND KEY **Dokken** (Elektra)
15	24	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
16	4	TURBO **Judas Priest** (CBS)
17	19	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
18	39	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
19	8	LIKE A ROCK **Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band** (Capitol)
20	11	MEAN BUSINESS **The Firm** (Atlantic)
21	14	ROCK A LITTLE **Stevie Nicks** (Modern Records/ Parlophone)
22	13	THE ULTIMATE SIN **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
23	12	ROCK ANTHEMS II **Various** (K-Tel)
24	—	DEAD BY CHRISTMAS **Hanoi Rocks** (Raw Power)
25	26	SEVENTH STAR **Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi** (Vertigo)
26	25	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
27	32	SCARECROW **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Riva)
28	—	CHANGE OF ADDRESS **Krokus** (Arista)
29	23	COME OUT AND PLAY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
30	—	THE VELVET UNDERGROUND BOX SET **Velvet Underground** (Polydor)
31	40	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
32	7	DIRTY WORK **Rolling Stones** (Rolling Stones/CBS)
33	—	STRENGTH IN NUMBERS **38 Special** (A&M)
34	—	SPEED KILLS II **Various** (Music For Nations)
35	22	LAND OF THE GUN **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
36	27	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
37	—	THE FORCE **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
38	28	VITAL SIGNS **Survivor** (Scotti Brothers)
39	44	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
40	re	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
41	47	SURRENDER **Joshua** (FM)
42	46	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
43	42	9012 LIVE – THE SOLOS **Yes** (Atlantic)
44	36	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
45	31	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
46	29	WAR **U2** (Island)
47	48	BLUE SOUL **Paul Kossoff** (Island)
48	—	STRANGEWAYS **Strangeways** (Bonaire)
49	30	CODE OF THE ROAD **Nils Lofgren** (Towerbell)
50	33	LIVES IN THE BALANCE **Jackson Browne** (Elektra)

PLAYLIST

GEOFF 'WHERE THE HELL *IS* THAT JIM DANDY ALBUM?!' BARTON
'GTR' GTR (Arista)
'HEART ATTACK' Illusion (track from the 'Illusion' LP on Geffen pre-release tape)
'INDECENT OBSESSIONS' Zoetrope (track from the 'Amnesty' LP on Combat import)

DANTE 'SUBUTTEO' BONUTTO
'CARRY ON' Manowar (demo)
'FIGHT TO SURVIVE' White Lion (Victor Japan import)
'GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT' Jaded Lady (demo)

MARK 'BOOTBOY' PUTTERFORD
'THRILL OF A LIFETIME' King Kobra (Capitol import)
'NO TURNING BACK' Jack Starr (Napalm import)
'CINDERELLA' Cinderella (Mercury import)

KRUSHER 'BIG GIRLIE' JOULE
'TUFF ENUFF' Fabulous Thunderbirds (Epic)
'BIG GIRL'S BLOUSON' Râmpânt Egös (private unrecorded tape)
'CRACK OF DOOM' DC LaCroix (Black Dragon)

KOMING ATTRAKTIONS

ELP ● QUEENSRŸCHE ● YNGWIE MALMSTEEN ● MARILLION

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LADY Killers

ROSELLA

ASSUME THE POSITION . . . and hold it there! **Jane Fondue** may still be the, uh, big cheese of the aerobics game, but young **Rosella** here sure looks capable of giving her a fair run for her money – despite sporting enough chains and crosses to send **Celtic Frost's Tom G. Warrior** scurrying back to the Green Room black with envy (or p'raps it's the other way round).

Rosella, for those who don't know but would like to find out, is lead vocalist with **Java**, a four-piece melodic rock band from Farnborough in Hampshire who have taken to playing the occasional show in London having already built up something of a local following – all of whom, I'm assured, will run straight out and buy this issue, which might just put our sales into double figures. You never know! And speaking of figures . . .

If Rosella's mum (Mrs **Santoro**, a fine Italian name) had had her way chances are her daughter would still have been on the boards – only as part of the altogether different world of Grand Opera (y'know, where they all manage to sing like foghorns while dying of consumption!).

But no, Rosella was determined to, like, rock out, joining forces with bassist **Rob Roberts** some three years ago, the pair of them now forming 50 per cent of Java, a band that's been in existence since May '85. With main songwriter **Martin Latham** on guitar and new boy **Grahame Humphreys** on drums (a replacement for **Ray Matthews**), the outfit recently recorded a two-track demo of fresh material (**'Helpless'** and **'For Those Who Love You Still'**, the latter dedicated to late guitarist **Randy Rhoads**) and are searching for that Big Break. If you can open any doors I'm sure they'd love to hear from you . . .

DANTE BONUTTO

Pic Ray Palmer